

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LOST AND FOUND.

I LOST the brook as it wound its way
Like a thread of silver hue;
Through greenwood and valley, through
meadows gay,

'Twas hidden away from view:
But I found it again a noble river,
Sparkling and broad and free,
Wider and fairer growing ever,
Till it reached the boundless sea.

I lost the tiny seed that I sowed
With many a sigh and tear,
And vainly waited through sunshine and cold
For the young green to appear;
But surely after many long days
The blossom and fruit will come,
And the reapers on high the sheaves will raise
For a joyful harvest-home.

I lost the life that grew by my own
For one short summer day;
And then it left me to wander alone,
And silently passed away:
But I know I shall find it further on,
Though not as it left me here;
For the shadows and mists will have passed
and gone,
I shall see it fair and clear.

I lost the notes of the heavenly chime
That once came floating by;
I have listened and waited many a time
For the echo, though distantly:
But I know in the halls of glory it thrills,
Ever by day and night;
I shall hear it complete when its harmony fills
My soul with great delight.

I lost the love that made my life,
A love that was all for me;
Oh! vainly I sought it amid the strife
Of the stormy, raging sea:
But deeper and purer I know it waits
Beyond my wistful eyes;
I shall find it again within the gates
Of the garden of paradise.

I shall lose this life! it will disappear,
With its wonderful mystery;
Some day it will move no longer here,
But will vanish silently:
But I know I shall find it again once more,
In a beauty no song hath told;
It will meet with me at the golden door,
And round me forever fold.
Golden Hours.

M.

AT THE THEATRE.

ON the stage an acted horror,
A king crime-haunted to death;
Around me glitter and glare,
And fans that harry an air
That stifles me breath by breath;

And eyes all one way gazing
On the magical master-player,
Whose face, chameleon-wise,
Reflects all moods that arise,—
Craft, crime, and credulous prayer.

I gaze, and listen—but sudden
I dream in midst of the play;
And the king may threaten or whine,
It seems no matter of mine,—
I am twenty miles away.

Down in a mossy dingle,
Where sinless, a stranger to pain,
And friend to all winds that blow,
And hearing the fresh herbs grow,
And feeling the dew or the rain,

A slight wind-flower is hiding,
Green-scarfed, white-faced as the snow;
The young year's earliest child,
That I found last morn growing wild,
And spoke with, and left it to grow.

Spectator. F. WYVILLE HOME.
7 Belgrave Villas, Lee, S.E.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ENGLAND AS A MILITARY POWER IN 1854
AND IN 1878.

WHEN a house in your neighborhood is on fire, it is high time to look to your water-supply, and to ascertain the condition of your perhaps hitherto neglected fire-engine. If that is out of order, your only resource is to patch it up as best you can to meet the immediate emergency; but as soon as the danger is over, some trifling or unexpected accident having perchance saved your property from destruction — unless, indeed, you are a recklessly unthrifty and unbusinesslike householder — you will lose no time in taking precautions against any future recurrence of such a danger. The man who has had a warning of that nature and failed to benefit by it, meets with no sympathy when, a few years later, nothing of his house remains to him but some smoking ruins.

What holds good with individuals may be appropriately applied to nations also. England has had many warnings and several hairbreadth escapes from calamity, but we have learned experience from none. We can only be saved from the fire of war — the greatest of all scourges — by our national fire-engines, the army and the navy. When danger approaches we realize this, but during a spell of profound peace we laugh at the dangers we have escaped, and we scoff at those which foreseeing men tell us may be in store for us. We take the advice of medical men upon sanitary subjects; we follow their recommendations to protect us from epidemics; to guard ourselves, or those who are to come after us, against injury arising from ill-constructed wills, leases, or other legal documents, we employ the best lawyer we can afford to pay; and, lest our house should tumble about our heads, we build in accordance with the advice of an experienced architect. When danger is upon us, when an angry country insists upon our ministry vindicating its insulted honor by force of arms, the soldier is sent for and his opinion requested, but until then his views are decried as foolish, and the warnings he dares to utter are neglected with undisguised scorn. We never tire in advertising ourselves as an eminently practi-

cal people; as individuals or as commercial companies we insure our lives, our ships, our houses, etc., against various risks, but as a nation we take no trouble to insure our empire against disasters of the most serious nature. The Duke of Wellington in his day, with all the weight of his renown, was unable to convince the English people of the terrible dangers to which the country was then exposed, and all the best of our soldiers since his time have been equally unsuccessful. As a rule we have been content to patch up our fire-engine in a temporary and, I may add, in a most ineffective manner upon each occasion when our neighbor's property was in flames; but no sooner has the fire been put out, even although it had, we know, ruined our friend before it was got under, than we put back our engine into its former resting-place, taking no trouble to remedy the defects which a practical trial of it had brought to light. Lord Palmerston alone of all our recent ministers, it would seem, was alive to England's danger, and, thanks to him, the Thames and our principal dockyards are now safe against a *coup de main*. The heart of our empire may now be said to be tolerably safe, but how about our extremities? Our commerce, we boast, covers the globe, but to protect it in distant seas our ships of war must practically encircle our sphere also. Our fleet is now propelled by steam, so it cannot keep the sea unless we have coaling stations in every ocean. But unless these coaling places are fortified they can be of no use during war. Year after year the vital importance of erecting works to protect those stations has been urged by soldiers upon successive administrations, both officially and in the press, but still they remain at the mercy of the first enemy's ironclad that reaches them.

To illustrate our present unfortunate position I have only to tell the following story. When the czar's army crossed the Pruth last year, his ironclad squadron, which happened to be in European waters, was despatched to America, evidently in the first instance to get it away from our fleet in the event of England's having declared war. Let us consider what that insignificant squadron might have done

against us. Being kept ready coaled and prepared for sea, as soon as the telegraph announced the declaration of war it would most probably have started for St. Helena, picking up some of our finest West India and South America steamers *en route*. Upon arrival at St. Helena it would most likely have found there one of the small English wooden war-vessels belonging to our west coast of Africa squadron. Such a vessel would of course have fallen an easy prey to the Russians, who, filling up with coal, burning all they could not carry away, and, having taken from Jamestown as much money as it could pay to save it from destruction, would steam for Simon's Bay, where the same performance would be gone through. There we have a small dockyard establishment, and almost always one or two wooden war-vessels. All would be destroyed as well as every coal store in Cape Town; every merchantman in Table Bay — and there is always a large quantity of shipping there — would be captured, and most probably burned. This game would then be repeated at the Mauritius, Aden, Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, and Hongkong, whence the Russian squadron would make its way to Petropolvski, where it would be comparatively safe from our fleet. Now this is no fanciful chimera; it is a practical and feasible scheme, and I have no doubt in my own mind that had we declared war it would have been attempted. Not only should we have thus lost millions of pounds' worth of property and several small ships flying her Majesty's pennant, but the destruction of the coal stores at those several ports would have completely paralyzed the action of our war-vessels in those seas, and would therefore have secured the Russians against all danger of pursuit. It would have brought our trade almost to a standstill, for merchantmen depend now nearly as much upon coal as our navy does.

To all thinking men in both services the dangers we should be exposed to in the event of war are familiar, and many, even the bravest among us, turn pale as they count them over. Should war find the nation unprepared, it is we who shall have to pay the penalty with our lives; and

yet we are daily taunted publicly with wishing for it, and with desiring for our own selfish ends to force on a conflict for which we, above all others, know we are never ready. Past history teaches us how little mercy we may expect at the hands of whatever party happens to be in power. British ministries have never failed to shift the blame of failure from themselves to the commanders, no matter how hard may have been their struggle for victory, and notwithstanding the ministers' responsibility for their selection.

The English general has not hitherto occupied an enviable position in the field; he has always been pitted against an enemy his superior in numbers, and he has often had to act with jealous allies, whose touchy susceptibilities it has been no easy matter to avoid offending. The small army placed under his orders is generally composed of raw, disjointed units, unaccustomed to work together, with a faulty, inexperienced administration suddenly called into existence for the occasion, and generally with a totally inadequate supply of transport. It is a poor scratch pack which he has to whip into shape if he is given time to do so. This he is seldom allowed, for an impatient people at home call aloud for immediate active operations, and few ministries have ever had the firmness to resist such a cry. To add to his difficulties, his unwillingness to act until he is ready lays him open to be misunderstood and even misrepresented by his subordinates, who find themselves called upon to take part in an organization with the working of which they are wholly unfamiliar. Of all the many difficulties with which the Duke of Wellington had to contend in the Peninsula, none was greater than the distrust of his best-planned schemes which was excited in England by letters from officers serving under his orders. The same evil was rampant in the Crimea. It will be aggravated in future campaigns by the almost irresistible temptation presented to even the best-intentioned newspaper correspondents to court popularity with the officers and men they are thrown amongst, by retailing for home readers every grumble they hear which sounds like effective

military criticism. In reality these grumblers represent only the sense of annoyance felt by men called upon to work out ideas they do not comprehend—ideas which as a whole are unknown to them, and their special share of which they regard as absurd, because they do not understand how it fits in with some other part that supplements and completes it.

How different all this is from what takes place in the German army, where every man during war is called upon merely to help in the working of a machine that all have been accustomed to in peace! In this respect the German commander has a great advantage over the English general, for the German subordinate officers during peace training have acquired confidence in their military system and in their superiors entrusted with its working. They are less prone to criticise the acts of those above them, because they understand the machinery employed, and have learned to appreciate grumblers at their true value. In the English army, unfortunately, our peace system, clearly indicated as it is by regulations, is not based upon the requirements for war; a new system has therefore to be inaugurated by the general in the field, when his time and thoughts are already severely strained by the responsibilities of his position.

The history of the Crimean war is still fresh in the memory of those who took part in it. Never was any expedition planned by a home government with more reckless ignorance of war and its requirements than that which landed at Eupatoria. At the beginning of the campaign our treasury was as parsimonious as it was subsequently lavish in expenditure. About twenty-four thousand British soldiers—no finer body of men have ever worn her Majesty's uniform—were hurled ashore without the means of carrying their wounded, and even without sufficient tools to bury their dead. British discipline in two or three hard-fought battles won for England a brilliant but a short-lived success; and when, through the military ignorance of those in Downing Street who planned the campaign, that devoted little army dwindled down almost to a handful of half-starved scarecrows, those who had

starved us through their ignorant parsimony sent out commissioners, whose avowed business it was to select a victim from amongst our generals on whom to cast the blame. They selected the ablest of them as their scapegoat, and held him up to public opprobrium because he had not made a road from Balaclava to the camp, although they knew full well he had neither the tools nor the labor at his disposal for such an undertaking.

At the present time, when war may be forced upon us at any moment, we see the same spirit of ignorance upon war's requirements rife in the country. Owing to this ignorance many, who are as sincere patriots as any of our public men, denounce the present ministry for asking for money to make those preparations which their military advisers declare to be necessary in the event of war if they wish to avoid the mistakes and their attendant misfortunes of 1854. We hear men say: "Why ask for money now? if war is forced upon you, it will be ample time to ask for it then." In 1854 there was perhaps some excuse for the military ignorance of our statesmen, but after the lessons taught us that year no one can now plead ignorance in justification of such conduct.

Why is it that England is never ready for war, nor possesses the machinery by means of which she can expand her military peace establishments into a condition for active service? It is a proverbial saying that we are never fit for anything in the first campaign. Writing of the English troops which landed at Calais in 1475, Philippe de Comines says: "*Car il n'est rien plus sot ny plus mal adroit, quand ils passent premièrement: mais en bien peu d'espace ils sont très bonnes gens de guerre, sages et hardis.*" As it was then, so it is in a measure at present. During peace our government—that is, in reality, the English people—reduce our military establishments to such an extent that nothing remains but the bare skeletons of weak regiments, the administrative departments being kept up in name only. John Bull has been taught by experience that he cannot buy ready-made soldiers, much less a ready-made army, as he can his clothes in a slop-shop; still he

never will take that lesson to heart. He is such a believer in money, and has been so often told that it is the real sinews of war, that he cannot or will not realize how impossible it is for him to procure an army with it the moment he wants one. What have we seen within the last few days? The ministry obliged to ask for 6,000,000*l.* to prepare, not for war, but to fill its magazines, naval and military stores, so that, in case of necessity, its little army may be in a condition to mobilize—in fact, to bring it to that state in which the armies of all the other great powers are always kept in peace.

I have alluded to the military ignorance of our ministers in the Crimean war: here is an example of it. A letter was read in the House of Parliament one evening from an officer in the field, in which he referred to the want of all means for conveying our sick and wounded to the ships for embarkation, adding that our army had to depend upon the French *cacolets* lent to us for that purpose. The English minister who was responsible for army affairs at once got up and indignantly denied the statement, adding that he knew it to be untrue because he had the best authority for asserting positively that there were a hundred hospital panniers at that moment in the Crimea. He might just as well have said there were so many toothpicks there, as a hospital pannier, which he evidently thought was a conveyance of some sort, is nothing more than a wicker-work basket, made in a peculiar manner, for the reception of medicines, operating instruments, and other medical appliances. The page of Hansard which records that reply is the gravest of all possible satires upon our war administration of that time. Great reforms have been effected in our system of home military administration since then, and the war minister has now always at his side the field-marshal commanding-in-chief and his able staff. That staff is no longer composed of men selected through family or political interests, but on account of their well-proved merits and ability. We are fond of depreciating everything we possess, but I do not hesitate to assert that our headquarter staff would compare most favorably on every point with that belonging to any other army.

It is an interesting study to go back to 1854 and compare the staff which left England early that year for Turkey with the staff employed upon recent expeditions, such as that to Ashanti, or with that now at Aldershot or at almost any of our mili-

tary stations. Curious stories without end might be told to illustrate my statement as to the inefficiency of many of those who composed the staff which originally embarked in 1854: here is one as it was told me by an eye-witness. Whilst the army was in Turkey before it left for the Crimea, an important military operation had to be undertaken. A few days before that named for the operation my friend went to a staff-officer in high position, who was his immediate superior, and whose duty it was to make all the necessary arrangements, and to draw up instructions for all the departments and general officers concerned, and asked if he had any orders to give. The reply was: "No; I have not yet thought over the matter, but I will see to it by-and-by." The next day the question was repeated with a similar result, and upon the third day—the day before this very complicated and difficult operation was to have taken place—as my friend repeated his question he saw that his superior was whittling a piece of a stick. That superior was an amiable old gentleman and an excellent carpenter. He listened calmly to my friend, who was rather excited, seeing that nothing was ready for the move, and that no attempt had as yet been made to prepare for it. After a pause the man on whom for the moment a great national responsibility rested, looked up and said: "Perhaps, Captain —, you do not know what I am doing." "No, sir," replied my friend. "Well," said the old general, "upon strolling about here this morning I perceived that there was no latch or bolt to Lord Raglan's cupboard, and I am making one as an agreeable surprise for him." Here was an army about to begin a most serious undertaking, the preparations and arrangements for which could only be made by this high official; but so utterly was he incapable of taking in the serious responsibility that rested on him, so ignorant was he of the duties attached to his position, that he employed his time in carpentering when all his intellect, all his energies, should have been devoted to the great duty which devolved upon him. He was neither lazy nor stupid, but if ever there was a round man in a square hole it was he. Such a man in that position would be impossible nowadays, and why? Because public opinion would not sanction it.

Public opinion had little weight in the selection of general officers in 1854 when the war began. But when the splendid victories with which our army opened the

campaign were succeeded by the calamities which befell it during the winter, the people at home grew angry, and accused those in power of selecting men for high military positions rather for their family and political connections than for their proved ability. In writing to Baron V. von Ense, in March, 1855, on this subject, Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn says: "The people are determined on a reform in the army and the official appointments." She adds: "The lower and middle classes are certainly in thorough earnest in their determination that the aristocracy shall have justice and not favor; but so long as they only clamor for the fittest men to be put into the different posts, I can see no cause for alarm. They will repudiate an idiot sailor in an office as much as an idiot lord; and the nation is too sensible to join in an empty cry merely against a class." Notwithstanding this determination, however, on the part of the people, all the inefficient men originally appointed to the staff from England were never got rid of. As an illustration of how strong family interest was to the end of the war, I remember a general officer reporting one of his staff as utterly useless, and imploring his removal. His inefficiency was patent to all who had any dealings with him, yet owing to his family influence at home he was retained in his place. All appointments to high office in both army and navy are now sharply criticised, and "Dowb" must in future be content to stand or rise on his own personal merits.

Yet we hear it said that the English people take no interest in their army or in military matters. I deny that this is the case at present, although I admit that it was true in past times. During the long peace that intervened between the great French war and 1854, no one seems to have realized that frequent reforms are as necessary to the well-being of an army as they are to that of all political constitutions. Our troops under Wellington had then won for England a great military reputation, upon the credit of which we lived, and, politically speaking, traded, for nearly fifty years. The excellence of our soldiers was unquestioned abroad, and to have doubted it at home would have earned for the unbeliever a reputation of silliness. Had not the army of all other European nations bowed the neck before Napoleon's legions? had not Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow, and all great capitals except London received French garrisons? and yet had not those renowned soldiers been signally defeated by our army in Spain and

in Portugal, and finally crushed by it at Waterloo? It is no wonder, therefore, that for many years afterwards the English people should have regarded their army as so perfect that there was no necessity for their troubling themselves about it. From time to time, especially during periods of commercial depression when the necessities of life were dear and taxation was felt severely, a cry arose to reduce our army expenditure. Even then, however, the people took little interest in military details, and Parliament contented itself with curtailing the army estimates by one or two millions of money, leaving it to the military authorities in power to distribute that reduction over the numerous items of expenditure as they thought best. A general confidence was then felt in our military chiefs who had won their spurs in action; they had proved their ability as leaders in the field, and the country was satisfied to leave the army during peace in the hands of those who had shown themselves capable of directing it in war. The militia had disappeared; nowhere at home was any considerable body of troops to be seen; public attention was directed to questions of internal government and political reform, which absorbed all general interest so completely that the army was forgotten as if it had never existed. As a consequence of this condition of things, the nation lapsed into ignorance of all military subjects, and those who desired to obtain a reputation as economists were allowed to pare and pare away until absolutely nothing was left of those establishments and departments which are as essential to an army as coal is to a steam-engine. This was allowed to go on through ignorance until at last nothing remained but a handful of splendid soldiers fed and clothed by contract. Shortly before our war with Russia, one step was taken towards restoring our military strength by the revival of the militia force; but with this single exception the warnings of our ablest soldiers were ignored, and the war of 1854 found us in consequence totally unprepared, with an army in every respect unfit for field service. The misfortunes which overtook our gallant soldiers in the winter of 1854-55—the direct result of the nation's ignorance of war and of its requirements—turned public attention to military subjects. Ministers rushed into studies of army administration, some even dipped into "Jomini," and since then our public men have had at least a superficial knowledge of soldiers and their science. It was not, however, until the volunteer

movement had directed the thoughts of England's manhood generally towards those subjects, that the nation really set about studying them in earnest. It was that movement which popularized the army and everything belonging to it. The soldier became the model whom a large and important section of the community sought to imitate and to equal in military knowledge, and a public opinion upon army subjects has sprung up in consequence. It would be impossible for such a public opinion to be absent from a country possessing, as we do now, a splendid force of one hundred and ninety-three thousand drilled men under arms, whilst over six hundred thousand more, having passed through that force, are scattered about the kingdom, most of whom are ready and willing to rejoin in case of need.

The volunteer force was called into existence for the protection of our shores. It was a spontaneous movement of the people to supply a want that our government had not the courage to provide against. It is a great and real element of strength, and should this country ever be invaded, it will be a sword of might in the hands of those who know how to use it. Its existence alters greatly the conditions under which we shall henceforth engage in any European conflict, for, thanks to it, we could now send every regular soldier out of England, entrusting the home defence to that force. To it the army especially owes a deep debt of gratitude for many reforms in drill brought about through the persistent advocacy of its members, who have especially devoted themselves to that particular subject. The Elcho bayonet and the Moncrieff gun-carriage are inventions of its members, and it is very much to be doubted whether we should at present have the admirable small-bore rifle with which we are armed, if the volunteer force had never existed.

Most of the great reforms recently effected in our institutions and professions have come from without: it is to the pressure of public opinion brought to bear upon abuses or obsolete systems that we are indebted for all great useful changes. Few professions—and the army, I think, least of all—are capable of reforming themselves. The cause is easily explained. The governing body in all great services at home and in foreign countries is usually composed of men advanced in years; this is markedly the case with armies during peace, whose generals must naturally be then mostly past the prime of life. I think it will be found that the older men

grow, the less they are disposed to changes in the institutions or professions they have belonged to for most of their lives. This is peculiarly the case in an army, where the young school with advanced ideas are held very much in check by habits of discipline and by their own inward respect for their military superiors, and have consequently a greater difficulty than is experienced in other professions in making their own views known. Trochu was tabooed in the French army for pointing out its defects and advocating their reform; the same was the fate in the German army of the gifted author of the "Tactical Retrospect." It is no wonder, therefore, that great reforms are seldom effected in an army except after great reverses. A great successful war may lead to very important changes when the nation concerned is essentially military, as was the case with the German army after the Bohemian campaign of 1866; but that result was exceptional.

Although many most important reforms have been carried out of late years in our army, much still remains to be done. Indeed, if it is to be converted into a really effective fighting instrument, not only equal, but superior in every respect, except in numbers, to the best army in Europe, then most assuredly it must undergo considerable modifications. No army can stand still and be effective in these days; frequent reforms in its armament, and consequently in its tactical formations, in its organization and administration, are essentially necessary. Without them it can never reap all the benefits opened to it by successive inventions and discoveries, such as those of railways, telegraphs, etc. The tendency with us general officers is to go asleep, to accept as perfect the army as it has descended to us, and to be blind to its defects—to forget that what were in many points its highest excellences some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago may now possibly be its weakest points most hurtful to efficiency. It is men like Mr. Holms who wake us up, and, by directing public attention to the army, cause searching inquiry to be made into its condition. Although the remedies they themselves prescribe may be fanciful and even unpractical, still so powerful is the stream of light which is thrown upon it when examined by the microscope of public opinion, that its real diseases are discovered, although their exact seat and their real nature may not agree with the diagnosis made by the amateur practitioner. What a boon homœopathy has conferred

upon mankind, not, as I take it, so much by the cures it has effected, as through the reforms it has been the happy means of bringing about in the general practice of physic! In the same way I believe we owe many of our improvements in the army since the Duke of Wellington's time to the suggestions made by civilians; and I must in fairness add that many of them were carried out by the force of public opinion, in direct opposition to the wishes, views, and opinions of our senior officers.

When, towards the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the army of England was billeted amongst the people, it can scarcely be said to have been a standing army at all. A few regiments had been for some years in existence under varying titles, but it was not until the wars under Marlborough that the army as a permanent institution took final root in the country. The people for a long time had a great aversion to the construction of barracks, regarding their erection as indicating the fixed intention of the government to keep a standing army on foot. The theory of our constitution has always been that standing armies were dangerous to civil liberty. It is no wonder that under the despotism of the Stuarts the maintenance of an armed force, raised and paid by the king, should have been generally dreaded. With such a weapon in the hands of a despot all civil liberties were in danger; but when constitutional took the place of personal government, and the funds for the payment of the army had to be annually voted by Parliament, this danger became a myth, and passed into the limbo where constitutional theories are interred, its epitaph being, however, recorded in the Mutiny Act to remind us of a fear entertained by our ancestors which is now as unreal as the wildest bogie of our childhood. Prior to the erection of the numerous barracks which now exist, public opinion was very much exercised in opposition to any increase to our army. It was not, however, a healthy, unbiassed public opinion; it was a selfish, although perhaps, under the circumstances, a very natural, feeling. The troops, being billeted upon the people, were an intolerable nuisance to them. It is a feeling we are well acquainted with even now, for so intense is the hatred to this system at present that in practice billeting is restricted to public-houses, inns, and hotels, the owners of which obtain the special privilege of selling intoxicating liquor to her Majesty's subjects on condition of furnishing billets to her Majesty's

soldiers when required by the exigencies of the service. In the last century those who were strongly opposed to the erection of barracks based their opposition upon a dread lest the army should become "so closely united as to be able to support itself against the law," and not upon any idea that barracks would so withdraw the army from the influence of public opinion that all interest in its organization would cease. The plan of housing the home garrisons in barracks was not adopted with a view to stifle public opinion, as was then alleged by the opposition. It was because the billeting system was felt by the people to be such an intolerable burden, that it had become a question of either building barracks or of having no army at all. Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Fox in their speeches pleaded in favor of the billeting system, as it encouraged "the mixing of the soldiers with the people, by which they imbibed the same principles and the same sentiments," and so secured "the Constitution against the danger of a standing army." These sentiments are out of date now: any fear that the army can be dangerous to the Constitution is a nightmare, as unreal as would be now the dread of Spain which haunted our forefathers in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First.

It is a very common error on the part of non-military men to imagine that "the conversion of the recruit into an efficient soldier" is a purely mechanical process—that you have merely to teach him a certain amount of drill, and to make him proficient in the use of his rifle. The highest and the most essential quality to be learned by the soldier is discipline; without it all true military efficiency is impossible. Without it, no large army in the field can ever achieve great things; the undisciplined army will be destroyed, if opposed to an army of disciplined soldiers, as effectually as the rods of Pharaoh's sorcerers were swallowed up by that of Aaron. It is the influence of discipline that distinguishes an army from a mob. It is when both of two contending armies are undisciplined that wars are unmarked by decisive battles, and are spun out over many years, the American struggle between the North and South being a striking example. A man may be perfect in all that the drill-instructor can impart, but unless his mind is as disciplined as his body, unless he has learned self-control, unquestioning obedience and respect for his superiors, and habits of order and of method, he never can be a really useful soldier in the field. These are attributes

more easily imparted to individuals the higher they are in the social scale of life, and more easily acquired by a body of men like a regiment the more the mass is leavened by men of education and of the better classes. In a country like Germany, where every able-bodied man is obliged to serve as a soldier, all classes of the body politic are represented in every individual battalion, and consequently it is far easier to convert it into a disciplined unit than with us, whose army is, I may say, unfortunately to a large extent composed of the lowest classes in our community.

This great difficulty of converting the ignorant rustic laborer, the urban idler, and the waifs and strays generally of the nation into disciplined soldiers has been of late seriously but unavoidably increased through the action of short service. Formerly the thirty or forty recruits who joined a regiment annually were lost in the hundreds of disciplined soldiers by whom they were surrounded and kept in order. The force of example soon imparted habits of cleanliness, order, and punctuality to the three or four recruits in a company. It is very different now, where, during peace, the recruits in a battalion are more numerous than the disciplined soldiers. This discipline of the mind can only be satisfactorily imparted to our men when removed from the influence of their own class in civil life. In billets, very little check can be placed on their doings; neither their health, cleanliness, feeding, nor moral conduct, can be effectively looked after. It is a well-known fact that in the militia those regiments for whom it is impossible to provide barrack accommodation when out for training, are never as well disciplined—in other words, are not as effective military instruments—as those housed in barracks or collected together in camps. The great cry on the part of militia colonels has long been, "Give us barracks for our men; billets are their ruin." Many a country youth who joins a militia regiment is ruined for life by the habits he acquires from the associations he is surrounded by when trained in billets. To put the case concisely, discipline is a process by which a little leaven is made to leaven the whole mass, but, that the leaven may act, there must be a mass to be acted upon. You cannot leaven scattered crumbs. Although the volunteer force is mostly composed of a different stamp of men from those who join the army, still I think it is generally admitted that the one great defect from which it suffers, and must always suffer,

is a want of discipline, which it has a difficulty in acquiring except when collected together by regiments in barracks or camps. All connected with that splendid force know well what an advantage it is for a corps to be in camp for a week or a fortnight—to have, in fact, a slight taste of the system which some, through ignorance of it, denounce as "a curse to the country."

Since the days when the system of housing men in barracks was finally adopted, the greatest and most radical change effected in our military organization has been the final adoption of the short-service system of enlistment. When that system has reached its full development, our standing army at home will be little more than a great national training-school, where disciplined soldiers will be "manufactured" by a three years' training, and then returned to civil life for nine more years, receiving a small monthly retaining fee as a compensation for the liability they assume of being recalled to the colors when required for active service. To form the regimental machinery and provide the "hands" and superintendents required to work it, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred non-commissioned officers and other oldish soldiers—*i.e.*, men over six years' service—will be required for each battalion. It is evident that if all were young, inexperienced men, the machine could not be worked to any good effect; the manufactured article would be of very poor quality, even as regards drill knowledge, and utterly deficient in discipline, the most essential of all military qualities. The cordial acceptance of that system a few years ago answers the question: "When will this country accept the plain truth that the safety of the nation does not depend upon the number of men under lock and key in barracks, but upon the number of trained young men in the country living freely in their own homes?"

If, however, all the military requirements of our extensive empire are to be provided for, the necessary number of these trained reserved men cannot be obtained from an army smaller than that now maintained in Great Britain. Those requirements differ materially and essentially from those of all other nations. In common with other countries we must have an army strong enough to defend our territory from invasion. Being surrounded by a broad wet ditch, our home fortress does not require an overgrown army like that maintained by France, by Germany and by other Continental states; but unlike them we have

great distant outworks, some of them located amongst hostile populations, for which necessarily strong garrisons are required. Most of these outworks are so far removed from the main fortress itself, that troops can only be conveyed to them at considerable expense per head. Financially speaking, it would be therefore impossible to have these garrisons composed of men engaged to remain only three years with the colors. As the number of men required for those garrisons is about equal to that we must keep on foot in England for the purpose of manufacturing the reserve army required for the defence of our shores and the protection of other great imperial interests, we have to encounter here a difficulty unknown to the army of Germany. Let my reader picture to himself what the military difficulties of the German Empire would be, had it to provide not only a home army of four hundred and six thousand men, but also a similar number for the defence of provinces many thousands of miles distant from its seaboard!

Another great difficulty surrounding the military question with us is the possession of distant colonies more or less peopled by barbarous tribes; and, although we may not find it necessary to keep strong garrisons in them permanently, yet we must be ready at all times to despatch thither a small force to repress internal rebellion, or to resist the inroad of neighboring warlike tribes. This latter difficulty is one for which we have not yet effectively prepared ourselves. Our home regiments, being little more than training-schools under the short-service system, are not composed of the seasoned material necessary for contending with tribes inured to war, and to whom fighting is the only recognized occupation of existence. When a force is required for such small wars as those of New Zealand, Ashanti, or South Africa, it is wisely considered inexpedient to recall to the colors the reserve men from civil life who are intended to be used only for great and serious occasions. To do otherwise would strike a death-blow to the existence of that reserve; men would not willingly join a reserve from which they could be withdrawn at any moment to join a force required for these frequently recurring little colonial wars. Even upon the understanding that our reserve men are only to be recalled to serve in the event of a great national emergency, they have considerable difficulty in obtaining employment in civil life: the great employers of labor prefer engaging men free from all

such engagements to the State. A couple of years ago the Army Reserve was called out for a few days' drill, really for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the croaking statements of those who, disliking the short-service system, predicted that the reserve was a myth, and would not be forthcoming if required. It was then found that in many instances the men who responded to the call—and there were only about five per cent. absent—lost their situations in civil life, being discharged there and then by their unpatriotic employers, who said they would not have servants subject to such a liability. If that liability were increased by the men being bound to rejoin at any moment for little colonial wars such as that now unfortunately existing on the river Kei, the creation of an effective army reserve would, I believe, be impossible. The necessity for always having some half-dozen full battalions of effective soldiers ready to go abroad in cases of emergency will be more fully appreciated when I state that of the men sent to Malta last year as a precautionary measure, a considerable proportion—I believe about one-third of them—had never even fired a round of ball cartridge.

For the due relief of our foreign garrisons, we have annually to send abroad about six battalions of infantry. It is most essential that at least three years' supply for foreign requirements—namely, eighteen battalions—should be maintained on an establishment of eight or nine hundred men. If this were done, we should always be able to send abroad for any colonial emergency at least half that number of effective battalions on the shortest notice, and the danger and scandal of embarking men who might at any moment be required for serious work, undisciplined and even undrilled, would be to a great extent remedied. Indeed, having due regard to the many calls upon us, to which we are always liable, it is most desirable that the Aldershot division and the Curragh Brigade should always be kept with their ranks full of disciplined soldiers, all regiments required for foreign reliefs being invariably drawn from Aldershot, where every regiment embarked for ordinary foreign service should have been two years previously to leaving our shores. Aldershot is an admirable school for practical military instruction, and after two years' training there the men would be fairly fit for active service.

Much yet remains to be done before our army is thoroughly remodelled in accord-

ance with modern requirements, but I cannot ignore the great strides that have been made in that direction since 1870, and still more since 1854. Indeed, when I remember the conservative elements — I do not use that expression in a political sense — of which our army, in common with that of all other nations, is composed, I am not so much astonished at what still remains to be accomplished, as at the great and important reforms already adopted. Of those improvements, none has been more remarkable or more calculated to reform our army than the progress made by its officers in professional education. The severity of the examinations which all must now undergo before they can obtain commissions secures the army against those dunces formerly only too numerous in it; and the subsequent examinations for promotion, on military subjects, insure that all the junior ranks shall be well grounded in the theory of military art. It is, from my point of view, to be regretted above all things that these professional examinations are not carried still further, by insisting that no man shall be given command of a regiment or made a general officer until he has passed a severe examination in tactics, strategy, fortification, and other important subjects. The time has now arrived when no man should be made a colonel or a general who is not a thorough master of his art. Formerly a large proportion of our officers entered the army because it held out the inducements of a pleasant life. They despised all study of military science: had not their fathers done well as leaders whilst ignorant on such points, and why should they not be allowed to follow in their footsteps? I am glad to say that this line of argument is confined to a small and antiquated school of thought in the army, now fast disappearing. Our officers of to-day are fully alive to the necessity for study, and are well aware that a mere knowledge of barrack-yard drill will no longer obtain for them the reputation of being good officers: that knowledge is as essential as ever, but it has ceased to be sufficient. There is abroad in the army an eagerness to learn unknown in 1854, and although progress may be somewhat retarded through the influence of a few commanding officers who still pooh-pooh education, still the mass of our regimental officers has been leavened with an amount of tactical knowledge entirely absent from our army five-and-twenty years ago. This has worked such an improvement in the fighting value

of the army, that I have no hesitation in asserting that, had we now to send a force into the field, it would be in many most important respects infinitely superior to that which stormed the heights of the Alma, but in none more so than in the professional efficiency of its officers. The army now is the greatest and most important of our national schools, of which in future the officers will be the masters. The days of special instructors for the education of recruits are numbered, and company and troop officers must learn to teach their own men to drill, to shoot, and to ride without the assistance of musketry and gunnery instructors or of riding-masters.

Every military man is deeply impressed with the necessity of having behind our standing army a reserve of twice its strength; indeed, this is a universally admitted necessity in all armies. But in applying it to our peculiar position we are met with serious difficulties unknown to foreign nations. In considering deductions, which are based upon the German system, designed only for a home army, it must not be forgotten that at least one-half of our line battalions are constantly abroad — at present there are more — which must be always kept up to fighting strength and composed exclusively of good fighting material. They cannot be used as military schools for the creation of a reserve force; indeed, no recruit should ever be in their ranks. Upon our sixty-eight or sixty-nine line and seven guard battalions stationed at home must therefore fall, not only the responsibility of furnishing seasoned soldiers to fill up the gaps caused in the seventy-two or seventy-three battalions constantly abroad by the discharge of those who have completed their army engagement, by death, and by the invalids sent home from tropical climates, but also the duty of contributing the great bulk of those who are to form our army reserve.

The conditions to be fulfilled by our army are so totally different from those of the German army, that it is as unprofitable to draw any comparison between the systems upon which each is based, as it would be utterly and entirely impossible to apply that of Germany to England. If this be true as regards the conditions of military service in the two nations, how much more striking still is the difference between the fundamental principles and laws upon which their respective armies are based. With us all laws and customs are designed for the free exercise of individual liberty; no restrictions are placed

upon men who wish to emigrate and transfer their allegiance to a foreign flag. To obtain men for the army and navy, we have to compete in the open labor market with those who offer their servants high wages; Parliament tells us it will not pay for soldiers at men's rate of hire, so all our coaxing to induce men to enlist is of no avail, and the military authorities are forced to be content with youths in their teens. Our population is so migratory that recruits are seldom enlisted in the parishes they were born in; and as a human being's age cannot, like that of a horse, be told by his teeth, we are obliged to accept the recruit's own statement on that point. The result is that we frequently get boys instead of even youths eighteen years old. When a recruit deserts, the civil authorities, who appear to assume that they exist exclusively for civil purposes, take no trouble to assist the military in their endeavors to recapture him. Even the police will only help when they are offered a good reward by the War Office for his apprehension. Magistrates too frequently avail themselves of every possible legal loophole to avoid convicting a deserter, lest their county should be saddled with the expense of maintaining him in its prison for a few months. How different is all this in Prussia, where everything is made to give way to the wants and requirements of the army; its interests and welfare are recognized as the first national consideration; the rights of the individual are regarded as of secondary importance. We may adopt the tactical formations of Germany in our army—although even in doing so we must be content to modify them, owing to the difference between the raw material of which the two armies are composed—but to attempt to engraft the Prussian military system upon the English Constitution as it exists at present, would be as impossible as to grow tropical orchids in the open air of this country. In Germany every citizen is liable to military or naval service from the beginning of his eighteenth to the end of his forty-second year of age. During those twenty-five years, every one physically capable of bearing arms is bound to serve in the army or navy for twelve years if called upon, and men between those two ages who are not called up for service in either are obliged to serve in the *Landsturm* in the event of war. The government of the country is, I may say, purely military, and for the convenience of military administration the whole empire is parcelled out into districts furnishing army corps, divisions, brigades,

etc., down to companies, with as much precision as England is divided, for purposes of civil administration, into parishes and hundreds. To a German, military training is as much a part of his education as reading and writing are now to us under the school-board system. To say we should Anglicise the German system, but still retain our English characteristics, is as reasonable as it would be to say, "Let us convert beasts into birds without giving them wings or feathers." I have no intention here of entering upon any disquisition from a national point of view as to which system is best for the people. It is a great problem for the statesman whether the advantages of the physical and mental training undergone by the youth of Germany during their two or three years' service in the army do not compensate the empire for losing their labor at reproductive occupations by the improved physical development it imparts to their bodies, and by the habits of obedience, order, cleanliness, and method it instils. This is a larger subject than I wish to embark upon in this article; but this I maintain, that nothing approaching or resembling the German military system can be built up in any country, except upon the foundation of obligatory universal service. The professional architect knows it to be impossible, and it is only the amateur craftsman, whose knowledge is superficial, who would so attempt to make bricks without straw.

The maintenance of an army strong enough to meet our military requirements is only possible by having about two-thirds of it in a reserve employed in civil life; and for our home army, the shorter the time our men remain with the colors, compatible with their conversion into efficient soldiers, the better. These are axioms upon which all army reformers of the present day will agree. It is not, however, on account of any supposed demoralizing effects resulting upon a prolonged stay in barracks that these axioms are accepted, but because no considerable army reserve can be created under any system of long service in the ranks. It is therefore of vital interest to determine what is the shortest space of time in which it is possible to manufacture an efficient soldier, one who shall be efficient, not only in the volunteer sense of the word—that is, in his drill and in the management of his weapons—but thoroughly well disciplined. These are two points essentially distinct, although the non-military man may fail to appreciate the difference between them.

About ninety-four or ninety-five per cent. of the volunteer force are efficient—that is, passed in drill—yet it must always compare unfavorably with the regular army through its want of discipline.

The time required to convert a civilian into an efficient soldier depends in some measure upon the class of life in which he has been brought up and educated, or not educated at all, as is too often the case with English recruits. Thus, without doubt, the volunteers learn their drill quicker than the men who join either the militia or the army, for as a rule they come from a higher stratum in the social scale of life. For the ordinary recruit who joins us at seventeen or eighteen years of age, few soldiers will argue that a shorter period of training than three years would suffice; he would thus pass into the reserve at twenty or twenty-one years of age, before which he is not physically fit for the hardships inseparable from war. In Germany the regulated period of training is four years for the cavalry and three for the infantry, but in reality it is a few months of less duration. For instance, a man who reaches the age of twenty at any time in 1878 will join his battalion about the middle of next November, and will pass into the reserve when the autumn manœuvres of 1881 are over, that is, about the latter end of the September in that year. It is common to allow them a short furlough for the harvest time in the last year of their training service, but after it is over they must return to take part in the annual manœuvres of that year. They are thus actually under arms with the colors for about two years and nine months, before receiving furlough to pass into the reserve, where they remain four years, and then pass into the *Landwehr*. All men whilst in the reserve are liable to be called upon twice to take part in annual manœuvres lasting eight weeks upon each occasion. It would be foreign to this article to go further into the German army system, or to describe the regulations regarding the four thousand men (about) who join annually for only one year's actual service, or those referring to the men whom the officer commanding a battalion can allow to pass into the reserve after two years' service in the ranks.

During last year I am glad to say that all men of three years' service who were supernumerary to our home infantry establishment, were passed on to the reserve, and I am sure that all army reformers will agree with me in hoping that this practice may be unswervingly persisted in, for it is

only by doing so that we can ever hope to have an army reserve of any considerable numerical strength. This system cannot, however, be applied to our line battalions which are in India and the colonies. As already explained, the expense of applying that system to them would be enormous for the item of sea transport, even if it were desirable to do so, which it is not, for they should always be ready to take the field at any moment, and must therefore be composed of seasoned soldiers over twenty-one years of age. This question of age is a most important factor in this military problem, and nothing can be truer than the remark "that, as continuous training is somewhat severe, it is absolutely necessary to have completely formed men (and not boys) capable of bearing it." As I have already pointed out, at present we practically only obtain boys and youths of about eighteen years of age as recruits. Mr. Holms's solution to this difficulty is: "Abolish the militia, and improve our terms, and the supply of a better article will follow." As to the first-named remedy, more further on; but as to the latter one, it will be echoed by every British officer, and by none, I should imagine, more earnestly than by our present commander-in-chief. We want *men* as recruits, and for the sake of the safety and welfare of the empire we ought to have them. This is, however, a matter for the consideration of ministers and of Parliament. We soldiers are helpless in the matter: we can do nothing more than warn the nation of the terrible risk it incurs under our present system of boy recruits. If we are to enlist only men, we must offer them men's wages, and I do not believe that the expense of raising the soldier's pay would be anything like what is commonly supposed, for better pay would certainly supply us with an article better morally as well as physically. If better morally, we should not suffer, as at present, from desertion, and should therefore save largely in our prison expenses, and if better physically, we should not suffer as we now do from "invaliding," and our saving in hospital expenses would be considerable in consequence.

That a militia regiment is not as good as a line one, all will admit. That the militia force would be immensely improved if, instead of three months' training, the militia recruit upon joining were kept continuously with the colors for a year or a year and a half, all will agree also. But there are two considerations to be thought of on this point—first the expense, and

secondly the question whether, under those conditions, we should be able to keep up our militia at all. Were we to insist upon this lengthened training, it is quite certain that the competition for recruits between the army and the militia, which I do not believe exists at present, would then become a reality, for both would be bidding for the same class of men. A perusal of the report of Mr. Stanley's militia committee of 1876, and of the evidence upon which it is based, will satisfy those who wish to go deeply into the matter that the militia and the line recruit from different classes, and that the large bulk of those who join the former would not enlist in the latter. Besides, it is generally believed that those doubtful men who might possibly in the first instance have joined the army had there been no militia, do in fact subsequently become soldiers. I have good grounds also for saying that many of the men who come to the army from the militia would never have become soldiers at all, if we had no militia force in which they can try whether a soldier's life suits them or not. Every facility is now given to the militiaman to transfer his services to the line, and, practically speaking, it would be no easy matter for any militia officer to prevent those under his command from becoming soldiers.

The militia force has doubtless many weak points, although recent reforms in its organization have done much to remove them. These points are made the most of by those who dislike the force, but in my opinion it is a great element of strength to the country, unobtainable under any other conditions as long as our military system is based upon voluntary recruiting. It draws into the military net men of ideas and aspirations different from the army recruit. It has the very great merit of being a cheap force, and in every respect fulfils the objects for which it is maintained. It is not designed for active service out of England, and before we can be invaded we should have time afforded us to convert it into a most reliable body of infantry. One of its weak points is the little military knowledge possessed by its officers and non-commissioned officers. However, much has recently been done to remedy this defect by forming schools at which they can qualify. It must not be forgotten that all the adjutants are officers now holding commissions in the regular army; that the quartermasters are almost all army officers, and will in future be exclusively so; that the non-commissioned

staff of every regiment is composed of old soldiers; that belonging to every company of militia there are two sergeants of the line; and that finally over seven hundred of the officers belonging to the militia have served for years in the regular army.

In the event of war, without calling upon the volunteers, the militia will supply us with garrisons for Malta, Gibraltar, the Channel Islands, for North America if required, and for all our stations in Great Britain and Ireland, leaving an ample force still available to hold our base of operations wherever it may be abroad, and to guard our line of communications between it and our army in the field. The whole of our line battalions now at home, and those at the stations abroad already enumerated, besides seven battalions of foot guards, would thus become available if required for active service. This would supply us with more than the infantry required for four army corps.

According to our existing military system, upon war being declared the militia is called out, and hands over its reserve at once to the line, who together with our First Class Army Reserve would give us about forty-thousand good men to bring up our line battalions to war strength. Our Second Class Army Reserve, consisting of old soldiers, although past the prime of life, would supply us with about fifteen thousand bayonets quite fit for garrison duty. The four companies of regular infantry now at each of the seventy brigade depôts would at once be formed into the cadres of seventy depôt battalions, and begin recruiting locally. To them would be despatched all the men who last year joined the battalions it is intended to engage in active service. There is at present a considerable number of men in the country, who, having completed their ten years' army engagements, are employed in civil avocations; a large proportion of them could easily be induced to re-engage for any popular war by the offer of a good field allowance while it lasted, and the prospect of a bonus on discharge, calculated at the rate of about 1*l.* per month for the time they were called upon to serve. In no country would it be so easy as in ours to raise a special corps from the waifs and strays of the middle and upper classes, and under carefully selected officers it would be the finest military body in the world. If converted into mounted infantry—as I think it should be—it might have a very great influence upon the result of a campaign. Its value for scouting and raiding duties

would be incalculable. Should war be forced upon us, I sincerely trust that a corps of this nature may be raised. The loyal spirit of our colonies has never been more healthy or sincere than now; I know Canada well, and I am only doing it justice when I say that in the event of war it would furnish us with a contingent of certainly ten thousand men, drawn from its militia, who would soon equal our best regiments.

Our island position and our commanding fleet give us many great military advantages possessed by no other nation. Great Britain could only be invaded by either France or Germany; indeed I might say only by both combined, and the operation, even under more than ordinarily favorable circumstances, would always be one of great magnitude and difficulty, and very hazardous. With our great naval supremacy we can at present afford to dismiss it from our calculations, and are consequently able to reckon on having ample time for our needed preparations. I have heard it said, "We cannot go to war because we are not ready." I should like to know when we ever were or ever can be so ready. Our Constitution secures us liberty and freedom of speech, but its very excellence precludes the possibility of the nation being ever prepared for war. Some of our ablest men who have been in power have lately told us emphatically, even when war is hanging in the balance, that it will be high time to prepare for war when it has been declared. Such an opinion could only emanate from a mind essentially non-military, however great it be in other fields of thought. Surely it behoves all true lovers of their country in a great national crisis to support those in power in preparing for the contingency of war. Whatever may be our individual opinions as to the conduct of our government in grave complications like that now existing, all real patriots agree in wishing to see the country strong, and the army ready for active service. We are most likely to avoid war by being able to speak with the confidence which real military strength alone can give us. I would venture to protest against the notion that we must play a feeble part because we are not as yet in every way quite ready for war. We must accept our position as we find it with all its advantages and disadvantages. We have enjoyed life and prospered under our Constitution, and we are not likely to surrender the daily blessings it confers upon us in order to be at all times ready to encounter the rarely occurring calamity of

war. If therefore we are never to engage in hostilities because we are not prepared for them, we had better save the large sums we annually spend upon both army and navy, for under our existing Constitution it is hopeless to dream of our ever being ready to draw the sword without long previous preparation.

At no previous period of our history have we ever been so strong in a military sense as at present. In 1854 we were very weak in field artillery; the military force in these islands was under seventy thousand men, and there was no reserve whatever beyond some pensioners, who were too old for field service. Were war declared to-morrow, about four hundred thousand drilled men would fall into line if required, supported by three hundred and seventy-two field-guns, manned and horsed by the Royal Artillery. That number would roughly be made up as follows:—

Standing army at home . . .	99,000 men
Army and Militia Reserve . . .	40,000 "
Militia	85,000 "
Volunteers	180,000 "
Second Class Army Reserve . . .	10,000 "
Total	414,000 men

In this calculation I have put the figures very low, and have left out altogether the ten thousand yeomanry who would be available for home service. I have likewise not taken into consideration the number of regular troops that would be available for war when the Mediterranean garrisons were furnished by the militia. It will thus be seen that we could at once take the field with two fully equipped army corps of more than thirty thousand soldiers each, leaving a similar force of regular troops at home as a reserve. When I compare the military strength of England now with what it was in 1854, I am as amazed at the condition of military weakness and helplessness in which we were when we began the Russian war of that year, as I am at the ignorance of those who are now to be heard croaking over our supposed want of strength and our alleged consequent inability to fight. Unlike most other nations, if we declare war we need have no apprehension of invasion; this confers upon us the great advantage of being able to choose our own time for beginning active hostilities, and as our army would necessarily have to be conveyed by sea to the theatre of war, we are always able to select the line of operations considered best and most suitable to the force we act with. In fact the initiative would

rest with us, and I need not tell the student of history how invaluable it is to the commander who knows how to take advantage of it. But if we are to secure this national advantage of the initiative, we must act with unity of purpose. "In seasons of great peril it is good that one bear sway," and all should support the mode of action selected, even although some may think the plans they have themselves conceived would lead to better results. It is far more important in warlike matters that all should act as one man, than that the ideally best course of action should be adopted.

England can never engage in any great war unless it be thoroughly popular with the nation; but if the warlike spirit of the people be aroused in earnest we all know that her Majesty will never want soldiers to fight for the honor and welfare of her kingdom. A great empire has been built up for us by the military achievements of our forefathers. I for my part trust we may be able now and always to address them after the manner of Prince Hal:—

You won it, ruled it, kept it, gave it us,
Then plain and right must our possession be;
Which we with more than with a common
pain

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

G. I. WOLSELEY.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XLII.

FRITZ.

WEHLEN seemed to fear Elmar's present authority, for before darkness closed in, the latter saw him drive away in the princess's carriage. He was glad to be spared an unpleasant scene, and this thought partially dispelled the gloom, which had been increased by a conversation with the baroness. Contrary to his expectation, the old lady could give him no information about his parents' marriage; she only knew that her son's wedding had taken place in a foreign country, and he had then brought his young wife to Altenborn.

A visit from Werner, which greatly surprised Elmar, roused him from his own

troubles, and at the same time afforded him a pretext for not going to the baroness's room that evening, a state of affairs which harmonized with his wishes, inasmuch as it would otherwise have been scarcely possible to conceal his clouded brow from Erica, whose anxiety he did not wish to arouse. Werner, on learning that morning through a letter from Count Hardeck that Sidonie had been informed of his right to her property, had instantly driven over to Altenborn to discuss the matter with Elmar, whom he entreated to become his mediator and inform Sidonie that he should renounce this unlucky right in any case.

"I am afraid you will scarcely be able to do that, Werner," said Elmar thoughtfully; "for if you withdraw, other claimants will doubtless arise, so the matter would only grow worse."

"I am the last of my name, and therefore the only person who can stand between Sidonie and her inheritance. Do you suppose, Elmar, I would have made the marriage dependent upon my own inclination, if there had been no possibility of resigning my claims? In such a case, I should have considered the slightest hesitation dishonorable, and married the Countess Hardenfels, even if she had inspired me with actual aversion."

"Very well, Werner, only I doubt whether Sidonie will consent to the arrangement."

"I should sincerely deplore her opposition, but it can have no effect upon my resolution. If I state my intention to resign the entailed property in the daughter's favor, she cannot, with all her anger against me, prevent it."

"But she can also renounce her claims, and she will do so."

"Then let it go to the poor," exclaimed Werner bitterly. "For the present, however, she is under her guardian's authority, and Count Hardeck certainly will not give up the property."

"At any rate, you will have one of the most peculiar law-suits which has ever occurred. I assure you, Werner, that, though my own affairs give me sufficient occupation, I have constantly sought for some clue that might guide you out of the labyrinth where you are so helplessly wandering, but without avail. Sidonie's feelings towards you are so irritated or unduly excited, that the slightest allusion to the affair causes the most terrible agitation, and I really feel anxious about even delivering your message. Let us take no farther steps in this matter to-night. Sidonie

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has heard of your visit, through the apology I sent for my non-appearance, and can easily guess the object of your coming, so let her have time to reflect upon the subject until to-morrow, and, above all, to grow calmer."

Werner assented to the proposal, and they spent the evening in animated conversation. Elmar related to his friend the events which had recently occurred, and also told him of the half absurd, and yet exasperating and perhaps dangerous scheme, which had been planned by the subtle brain of the adventurer. Werner listened with interest and attention, and as the ambassador to whom the young baron must apply for the necessary information was nearly related to him, and therefore a personal friend, offered to write to him himself.

"I sincerely regret that we let the scoundrel off so easily," added Werner. "My sole thought was to save Rodenwald, and as I wished to gain my object in the easiest way, I very foolishly, as I now see, chose this expedient."

Elmar's interview with Sidonie on the following morning resulted exactly as he had anticipated. She obstinately refused to accept an inheritance which, under such circumstances, would seem exactly like a gift. Moreover, in her excited state of feeling, she looked upon Werner's conduct as designed to inflict a fresh humiliation upon her, and declared that if Count Hardeck, against her will, should favor the acceptance of this gift, he could never force her to make use of it during the interval before which she should have full freedom of action.

All Elmar's arguments fell powerless on Sidonie's firm resolution, and he returned to his friend in a very sorrowful mood.

Even Werner's entreaties that she would grant him a personal interview were refused, on the ground that it could lead to no other result, and although this denial plainly revealed the danger Sidonie apprehended from Werner's presence, her positive refusal showed the resolute will with which she resisted the peril.

Elmar proposed the expedient of a longer stay at Altenborn, that Werner might owe to some lucky chance the interview that was refused to his entreaties; but the young count would not consent, and was only persuaded to remain through the day, by the news that Fritz was expected to arrive before evening.

The latter came at the appointed hour, and his presence somewhat brightened the gloom that now brooded over Altenborn,

and even cast a ray of sunlight upon Sidonie's marble-like face. As Werner's presence, and the latter's refusal to see him, made it impossible for the little party to assemble in the old baroness's room, Fritz divided his evening between the "two hostile camps," as he called them. Fortunately he had brought with him a sufficient stock of good spirits to cheer both parties, but he declined to give any detailed account of matters at Dorneck, reserving it until he was alone with Elmar. After taking tea with the baroness, and by his merry stories making Sidonie smile and Erica laugh, he went down to Elmar to talk to him and Werner.

Very soon, perhaps intentionally, Fritz turned the conversation upon Sidonie, and thus became acquainted with the last turn in the situation of affairs between the latter and Werner. He listened with interest and sympathy, but shook his head and said half laughing,—

"It is incredible. Here are two men, who I formerly supposed possessed some little share of common sense, and in this important matter they confess themselves utterly helpless. If my own invention leaves me in the lurch, I am at least clever enough to take advantage of the wit of others. Why do people read novels and go to plays, if they make no use of their manifold unfastenings of Gordian knots? Your brow darkens, most noble count; you doubtless think my words frivolous and indecorous; even when a secretary, you were inclined to exercise severe criticism, far more so than, to speak frankly, suited your position, to say nothing of the preference for the nobility, which awed me in the secretary, but seems very natural in the aristocrat."

"Your words form a somewhat intricate chain, Fritz," replied Werner; "in which I vainly seek the connection."

"Which I should be glad to find; acknowledge that, Werner. The complication, however, is a punishment for the frown on your brow, which condemns the frivolity you would willingly turn to account. But I won't allow people to wrap themselves in the majesty of manly dignity, when my boyish levity is to be used as a viaduct over yawning abysses."

"You are a young fool, Fritz!" replied Werner, with an involuntary smile. "What have you to propose? I am ready to hear the expedient drawn from your novels or plays."

"You must wait a little longer, I want to reflect upon the matter. It will be better for you to give me full power to act,

and remain yourself as white as a snow-drop, especially as, in Sidonie's eyes, you already wear the hue of Othello. This time I will assume the dark livery of sin, and hope better things of your gratitude than that you will tell tales of the Moor after he has done his duty."

"I cannot give you authority to play any foolish trick upon Sidonie, Fritz; so if you can't reveal your wisdom, you won't dispose of your wares in this market."

"Then I'll make you happy on my own responsibility, Werner. I need no assistance, except your opportune appearance at my call, and with exactly the same expression you are kind enough to adopt towards me at the present moment. A proper blending of contempt and anger, with a slight dash of grief and resignation, and you will be exactly what I want for my tableau."

Werner rose and approached him. His face certainly plainly expressed the feelings Fritz had suggested, as he said: "I will not, under any circumstances, allow you to meddle with my affairs, Fritz!"

Fritz looked at him with a careless laugh. "If you can only prevent it, Werner. Besides, I don't see why you keep such a jealous watch over the privilege of being the only person who acts foolishly in regard to Sidonie; it could not fail to be an advantage to you to have me for a foil. Besides, I won't allow myself to be robbed of my right to give friendly assistance, so we will say no more about it."

Werner really perceived that he could not prevent an act, of which he was ignorant, or else thought the whole affair a mere piece of mischief on the part of Fritz, for he said no more, and the conversation soon turned upon other subjects. The little party did not separate until late at night, and Fritz, in bidding Werner farewell, promised him an immediate visit.

The next day, to make amends for his absence, Elmar remained in the baroness's drawing-room much longer than usual. All were extremely comfortable, as Katharina, either because she was angry with Elmar, or really ill, remained in her own apartments, would see no one, and even refused to welcome Fritz.

Although no one had informed the latter of the tie between Elmar and Erica, a very short time was sufficient to enlighten him.

"So the little heather-blossom has fallen a victim to the inevitable," he said to Erica. "Fatality and guilt in strange union fill my heart with grief and horror."

"You seem to have been very much

occupied with tragedies lately, Fritz," observed Elmar; "you revert to them so often."

"Well said, Elmar; we cannot do better than fly from the tragedy of life to that of nature. In spite of our sympathy, the sorrow of others excites a feeling of comfort, not unlike that which we experience when sitting in a warm room listening to the raging of a storm. Fate, however, has steadily worked out its own designs at Dorneck. The tangled skeins of the love-affairs have smoothed more and more, and seem to be gradually approaching their climax. I will not apply the laws of dramatic gradation to my tale, but begin at once with the most interesting subject, — myself."

"Since Elmar robbed us of the learned theological student and eloquent preacher Reinhardt, the instruction of our worthy pastor fully satisfied my own ardent thirst for knowledge, it is true, but not so mamma's aspiring desires. I was therefore sent every day to Bonn, to attend the high school, while I spent the evenings and nights at Dorneck as before. Of course the care of transporting my valuable person did not devolve upon papa's shoulders, or I should probably have been frequently compelled to spend the days at Dorneck and the nights at Bonn."

"Under such circumstances, my information increased to a most disproportionate extent, and when Uncle Rodenwald — the fox-hunter, Sidonie — came to visit us at Christmas, he was surprised, and, I think, a little annoyed at the dominion knowledge had acquired over me. He therefore declared that he would no longer delay a project which had occupied his mind ever since his wife's death, namely, to make me his adopted son and sole heir. As the family were pleased, I had no objection, so I was solemnly declared Uncle Rodenwald's adopted son; a ceremony which made little impression upon me, as from my earliest childhood I had considered myself the real son of my good old uncle."

"Thus the illustrious family of Rodenwald is now divided into an older and younger branch, and as my rich aunt has left her husband her whole property, the younger line of Rodenwald stands on the same footing as the older. I am now what the world calls a brilliant match, and expect that the mothers of marriageable daughters will consider me desirable game in the matrimonial chase."

"Mamma's eyes, I perceive, are fixed upon a granddaughter of old Countess

Ingolstein, a little Princess von Runingen, who is still in short dresses. Our intercourse was characterized less by increasing tenderness, than great vivacity. During a quarrel, she pulled my curly hair with such energy that I lost several locks forever, and — when she wanted to sail on the Rhine on a plank, and all arguments proved powerless — I pinched her wrist so violently to pull her back, that she burst into a flood of tears, and complained of me to all the grandmothers, mothers, and aunts she possessed. These incidents have, of course, strengthened my mother's conviction that we were specially created for each other's happiness, so we are only waiting till she is out of short dresses, and my beard has grown, to fall lovingly into each other's arms.

"For the present, however, the thermometer of love, even without our affairs, stands high enough at Dorneck. It seems to be approaching the culminating point, from which any retreat is impossible. But before I speak of that, I'll say a few words about papa, who has altered strangely in some respects.

"When Sidonie and Erica came here, a very oppressive atmosphere brooded over Dorneck, which seemed all the more mysterious, as we felt, without being able to explain it. Papa was in the worst possible humor, and scarcely uttered a syllable. Mamma, as usual, appeared grave and cold, but her red eyelids and pale cheeks revealed a sorrow which she would not express in words. It required little keenness of perception to connect the disappearance of Herr von Wehlen, who had gone *sans adieu*, with this gloomy state of affairs; neither was it difficult to guess that here was a new proof that gold is not entirely the chimera philosophy and the aria from '*Robert le Diable*' would fain represent it.

"Papa, at all events, had squandered this gold very lavishly, and mamma probably meted out her lectures in proportion, for — spite of the latter's effort to conceal it — there was evidently a great coolness between them. My father was not only often hasty and rude to his wife, but treated her, if I may so express it, with studied want of consideration; and, as my good papa, with his natural love of self-indulgence, possesses plenty of this commodity, it was sometimes really painful to witness his conduct.

"This mood probably caused considerable bodily discomfort, for in a short time he fell sick, and was confined to his room. The illness increased, and the doctor was

not without fears for his life, which perhaps we owe entirely to mamma's faithful, devoted nursing. She never left his bed night or day, and the invalid must have noticed this care, as well as her soothing composure and caution, for he would not let any one else come near him, and drove even the sister of charity who was sent to Dorneck out of his room.

"Terribly exhausting as the nursing thus became for mamma, she did not seem to suffer from *this* want of consideration, for her eyes grew brighter and her cheeks, spite of her want of sleep, seemed less pale. When papa's gradual convalescence gave her more liberty to dispose of her time, she instantly assumed control, not only of indoor but out-of-door matters. Although hitherto she had been utterly ignorant of these things, she soon contrived to make herself so familiar with them that papa, in his indolence, constantly delayed assuming the management again, and at last left them entirely in her hands. He only reserved the final decision in important matters and a few insignificant details, and with all due filial love and reverence for papa, we are all satisfied with the change.

"Mamma instantly sent for Werner, who came to Dorneck for some time to aid her with his advice. Papa was at first very angry with Werner; the thorough insight into his affairs which the latter had obtained had not annoyed him from the secretary, but was extremely vexatious in Count Meerburg. But this anger did not continue long, and the count at last won the same affection which had been bestowed upon the secretary. With Werner's assistance, mamma held a searching review of her servants; the negligent and useless were instantly dismissed, and I believe ere long the wheels of the domestic economy out of doors will roll as smoothly as those of the household have long done.

"No one is more comfortable in this situation of affairs than my dear father. Having no real interest in all these details, he formerly occupied himself very little with them, and the thought of this carelessness was often an uncomfortable monitor of his own indolence. Moreover, he is now relieved of the sometimes oppressive care of keeping a proper balance between the receipts and expenditures, while he himself has more money for his favorite pursuits than before, for mamma — who, between ourselves, as I perceived to my astonishment, has a little weakness for her beloved husband — really deprives

herself of many things to be able to gratify his wishes. Werner has calculated that the revenues must increase at least a third, so in future they will probably be sufficient to supply her too.

"In addition to all these advantages, papa also has the extreme satisfaction of being adored by his servants, and hearing them sigh for his former rule, as the 'good old times.' He is therefore perfectly contented, does not trouble himself about the way in which his wife raises these large sums, and lets, as they say, Providence provide for him. He now follows his various amusements, among which, strangely enough, is the study of heraldry, though he values the illustrious name of Rodenwald far less than is agreeable to mamma. Now, however, he is collecting material and intends to write a history of the family, as a surprise to his wife on some Christmas or birthday festival.

"It is already evident that he feels it his duty to make some return for so much love, and we are therefore subjected to the strangest surprises. A short time ago he kissed mamma before us all, and she blushed like a young girl, and was so confused that she could not even reprove such a terrible breach of decorum. The junior members of the Rodenwald family were so startled that their cheeks reflected the color of mamma's — at least I can speak positively in regard to the younger branch — but papa did not notice it, and looked around the circle with the air of a conqueror. His boldness increases with his freedom from censure, and his comfortable self-indulgence passes the limits of all previous traditions.

"A short time ago, at the tea-table, he answered one of mamma's remarks with a thoroughly plebeian slap on her shoulder, and the still more vulgar exclamation: 'Right, as usual, my dear old lady!' This time blushes were not sufficient to express the feelings of the Rodenwald family, on the contrary we sat around the table like a row of marble images. My half-emptied cup fell from my hand, little Lolo stared at her delinquent papa with eyes dilated with horror, and the governess was so overcome that she sprang from her seat and hurried off to her own room, where, as I afterwards heard, she went into hysterics. Mamma remained the calmest of all; true she said in her usual manner: 'You are somewhat dramatic in your gestures, my dear Edwin!' but the smile which accompanied the words gave the reproof a shade of coquetry, which produced the most terrible effect upon

papa. Before we were aware of it, he threw his arm around her, and drawing her towards him gave her another kiss, and said, —

"Devil take me if you're not the best wife a man can want, Vally! I'm really in love with you."

"It was fortunate for the governess, that her hysterics spared her this scene. We looked into our cups, examined the pattern of the damask table-cloth, scrutinized with absorbing interest the basket of cake, gazed at the pictures on the walls, in short everywhere except at papa and mamma. When I at last ventured to cast a glance at the latter, I saw tears sparkling in her eyes; she did not release herself from her husband's arm, but, bending towards him, whispered, 'Your words make me very happy, Edwin. I will always try to please you.'

"The younger Rodenwalds now raised their heads and uttered a sigh of relief. They knew that a new era was dawning upon Dorneck, and the rights of feeling would have a place beside the eternal laws of decorum and social etiquette. This expectation has not been disappointed, for although when in society we throw the necessary shade of aristocratic hauteur into our manners, we are far more cordial and affectionate among ourselves, or rather show our love more openly. No teacups fall victims to the sight of a little token of tenderness exchanged between our parents, and even the governess has submitted to fate, and when a short time ago papa pulled mamma's ear in jest, she only uttered one hysterical sob, and controlled herself sufficiently to remain in the room.

"This new and surprising warmth of feeling extends its sheltering wings even over the hitherto unhappy loves of the older scions of the family. Mamma, to be sure, has not changed her opinions — and, spite of her greater gentleness, she is still hard as steel where she thinks her duty is concerned — but circumstances have fortunately somewhat altered. A distant relative of Landsheim was kind enough to die and leave him a very handsome legacy, which though it does not make him rich, is enough to secure the future of his wife. Generode instantly reviewed all his relations, to see if he could not discover some rich uncle or ditto aunt, but was obliged to renounce the useless search in despair, for even the cousins to the twentieth and thirtieth degree were richly blessed with children.

"Nevertheless, little reason as he formerly had to aspire to the title, 'Cousin'

Generode has been mamma's special favorite for a long time. He ventured to come to Dorneck so often, that I was amazed at his presumption, and wondered still more that his reception continued cordial, and he was even frequently invited to supper. When one day he jestingly bewailed the numerous representatives of his family, who made him so destitute of expectations, mamma said, with a somewhat peculiar smile, —

"You must marry a wife who has money, Generode."

"The latter stared at her in perfect bewilderment, but he must have seen something in her face which gave him a clue to the words, for his cheeks flushed, and he said quickly, —

"If, contrary to my expectation, the woman of my choice should bring me a dowry, my happiness would be complete, for I could then make her life as pleasant as I ardently desire it to be."

"Olga must have considered herself 'the woman of his choice,' for she blushed crimson, and then looked at mamma with the same peculiar expression as Generode. I could not exactly understand the scene, but a few days after was informed that mamma had made her will and disinherited Ottomar and me, to share her property among her daughters. I also heard that the fortune was to be divided into five equal portions, and Olga, as crown princess, would receive twice as much as her younger sisters. So she will have a very pretty little property, and Generode probably will not delay in marrying the woman of his choice."

"For the present, both he and Landsheim spend every afternoon at Dorneck, and as they always stay to supper, and even remain some time after, it is usually midnight before they return to Bonn. If they don't break their necks in their nocturnal rides, or fall into the water and get drowned in some of their excursions on the Rhine, the summer sky will probably bend over two pairs of happy wedded lovers, and Dorneck become much quieter."

"Olga has written to me a full account of Generode," said Erica, "but, in spite of my questions, not a syllable about Sonnenstein. What does he say to a change so sad for him?"

"He says nothing at all, but looks more than ever like the knight of the sorrowful countenance. Since Generode so suddenly gained mamma's favor, a terrible suspicion that he had lost his last anchor of hope must have dawned upon him. He came to Dorneck more rarely, and

then his appearance reminded one so vividly of a drowned poodle, that he could not have felt very comfortable. Mamma was just as friendly as ever, and favored him, if not his love, even more than usual. She gave him bushels of good advice, which he seemed to need, and at last sent him away with a sort of mentor, under the name of a friend, to travel. If the gosling that flew over the Rhine does not return a thorough fool, he will probably be quietly assigned to Lolo, to whom he has paid considerable attention of late in a very touching way. Besides, he is a thoroughly good man, and it would not be the worst fate that could befall little Lolo."

"Now I come to the schoolgirl Edith, and am unfortunately compelled, Queen Sidonie, to plant a dagger in your heart. Prince Eduard, in spite of your cruel disappearance, still remains in Bonn to continue his studies, and seems to try to act with me the part of the quarrelsome couple in the barometer, for when I come he goes, and when I go he comes; so he spends his nights in Bonn, and his days for the most part at Dorneck. As, however, he could not even sprain his foot again, much less always complain of headache or sudden giddiness, he did not often receive an invitation to supper, and therefore watched Generode with the bitterest envy."

"Edith, who enters society this winter, and at first pouted a great deal because mamma intends to spend it in the country, has now yielded to her fate with wonderful resignation, and modestly contents herself with Prince Eduard's homage. I must, however, confess that she has become far more amiable, for since she has been officially recognized as a young lady, she no longer takes any special trouble to constantly assert her dignity. Besides, she has developed into a beauty of the first rank, and the Rodenwald family, who are not too well endowed with the commodity, feel proud and pleased to be able to present such loveliness to the world."

"Prince Eduard, who at first probably devoted himself to Edith only to obtain news of Sidonie, gradually became more and more attached to her. She perhaps noticed the change in his feelings even before it was perceptible to himself, and as she had long been interested in him, met his advances in a way which strengthened his love. Mamma, perhaps for the first time in her life, was surprised with a *fait accompli*, and although she imposed her veto upon an immediate betrothal, Prince Eduard, even without a sprained

ankle, is sometimes permitted to take his supper at Dorneck.

"As mamma was obliged to relinquish the hope of seeing Queen Sidonie Princess von Wolfenhagen, this was the best and only compensation which could be made for her baffled wish, and I fear her kindness will soon induce the prince to make the third in the midnight rides and sails on the Rhine. These visitors, however, are certainly not very interesting to impartial spectators, and papa openly declares that the stupidity is unendurable, and no power in the world shall prevent him from taking a nap in his sofa-corner directly after supper."

"I am sorry for poor Edith," remarked Sidonie gravely. "If my aunt had not been surprised with a *fait accompli*, I would have warned her against the prince."

"Your warning, under any circumstances, would have come too late, Sidonie, for, as I said before, Edith has long loved the prince. Perhaps he might also justify himself in your eyes, if you would only deign to make an accusation against him; for he is really winning and agreeable, and we all like him. Besides, Edith will play the princess admirably, for she is her mother's own daughter."

"You have not yet mentioned Ottomar, Fritz," said Sidonie, to change the subject. "I know less of him than any of the family, for he seldom writes."

"The favorable star which has risen in his sisters' heaven of love, seems disposed to cast its light on him also. He loves, as everybody knew except himself, the beautiful Rosa Steinfurt, and the latter, spite of his frequent assurances to the contrary, was firmly convinced of it. Mamma, who expected for her oldest and favorite son, if not a royal princess, at least the most exalted rank, struggled against this alliance with all her power, and, to please her, Ottomar resisted his own heart too, and the natural consequence of all these efforts was, that he only loved Rosa more passionately than ever."

"During a hunt which took place late in the autumn, young Steinfurt unfortunately met with such a terrible fall that he died a few days after. He was the only son, and the blow was crushing to the parents, while for Ottomar this loss resulted in the blooming of the flower of perfect happiness. Rosa will be the sole heiress of her parents' great wealth, and if she was formerly a brilliant match, her advantages are now so great that even the '*Gotha*' must stand back and drop the question of ancestry. Rheinau and Dor-

neck united will form a princely estate, and mamma already sees the ermine rustling around the shoulders of her first-born."

"Even the old countess has seen fit to mention the death with one wet and one sparkling eye, and while deeply commiserating the unfortunate parents, heartily congratulated mamma on the brilliant match Ottomar was making, and for which he would doubtless be the object of universal envy. The old lady's sanction, out of respect for the '*Gotha*,' was doubly valuable to mamma, and when, a short time ago, the beautiful Rosa came to Dorneck with her parents, mamma kissed her affectionately on the forehead as she bade her farewell."

"Ottomar gave vent to his delight by an enthusiastic hug, and though, spite of the increased display of family affection, such an indiscretion on the part of the younger branch would have called forth a grave rebuke, the candidate for the ermine was allowed to pass unpunished. The time for the wedding will probably be fixed as soon as the period of mourning has expired, and Hymen bind his fetters round this couple also. Mamma's sphere of activity will thus be so greatly diminished that the void can probably only be filled by increased zeal in the management of the estates of Dorneck, whose revenues will not only increase a third, but one-half."

Fritz paused and bowed, like an orator who has finished his speech. The little party gave him a vote of thanks for his circumstantial report, and when they parted, the light of pleasurable excitement again sparkled in Sidonie's eyes, and a smile played round her lips. For this change Fritz also received eager though unexpressed thanks, and all rejoiced that the uncle's longing to see his adopted son had enabled him to visit Altenborn on his way home.

XLIII.

SIDONIE.

ALTHOUGH Fritz had only received permission to remain absent from home a short time, the united entreaties of all, together with his own desire, induced him to defer resuming his studies in Bonn a few days longer; and these days passed all the more pleasantly, as Katharina still continued to play the invalid, and remained alone in her own apartments.

Elmar had learned through the head groom that Wehlen had only gone as far

as the village inn, where he had taken lodgings. Disagreeably as this intelligence affected him, he had no power to prevent his remaining there, and was therefore obliged to content himself with telling his servants not to allow him to enter the castle on any pretence whatever.

Fritz had still delayed paying his promised visit to Werner, but when the end of his stay at Altenborn approached, begged Elmar to give him a conveyance to drive over there. The latter offered to accompany him, but Fritz laughingly declined, as he did not wish to arouse Erica's anger by taking her lover away so long. Elmar fancied that Fritz wished to go alone, and therefore made no farther opposition, especially as he had seen his friend a short time before.

When Fritz returned from his expedition that evening Sidonie's face expressed the old eager interest which her features always revealed whenever Elmar came home from a visit to Werner; but the questioning glance was soon transformed into one of anxiety, as she noticed the boy's excited yet troubled face.

"Has anything happened to Werner?" Elmar asked, as the first glimpse of Fritz's features aroused the same feeling. "You seem very much excited."

"You can't expect me to look otherwise, Elmar; for I'm not only excited, but thoroughly upset. Here is a letter from Werner to you; he will probably tell you what has happened himself, and thus spare me the recital."

Elmar hastily seized the note, while Sidonie, turning deadly pale, leaned back in her chair, and with half-closed eyes waited for farther disclosures.

"Werner does not say a syllable about any misfortune that has happened to him," Elmar said hastily, to soothe the fears of the little party. "But it is strange that he stops in the village, instead of coming here. I am to go there to take leave of him, and bring certain papers he minutely describes. Where is he going, Fritz, and why didn't you bring him here, at any rate?"

"I should have considered it positive cruelty, for I think it only too natural that, under the circumstances, he should wish to take leave of you alone."

"What are the circumstances, Fritz?" exclaimed Elmar anxiously; "pray speak out."

"He wants to tell you himself, Elmar. Just get into the carriage I ordered to wait at the door, and go to him at once; your presence is urgently needed."

Elmar hastily bade the little party farewell and left the room. A pause of painful suspense ensued. Fritz did not seem disposed to be communicative even now, for he gazed silently into the fire, while his features again assumed their former troubled expression. Sidonie asked no questions, but her quivering lips showed how deeply she was suffering. At last the baroness interrupted the silence.

"Did Werner forbid you to tell us about the misfortune that has befallen him, Fritz?"

"Oh, no, grandmamma. It must be a matter of very little importance to him who hears it, especially as he is going away at once. One can scarcely imagine a more rapid decision or energetic action. Preparations for a journey, which would occupy others months, cost him scarcely as many days."

"Where is he going to travel that it requires such extensive preparations? Do speak out, Fritz!" cried Erica impatiently.

"Travel is scarcely the right word. He intends to emigrate to America."

"To America!" exclaimed the baroness and Erica in astonishment, while Sidonie half sprang from her seat, and gazed at the speaker with dilating eyes.

"You are as much startled as I was," said Fritz sadly, "and you will be still more so when you learn the cause. 'People must not call the devil, or he will come,' says an old proverb, and it has proved sadly true in Werner's case."

When the noble count transformed himself into a secretary, he little thought his disguise was very near reality.

"What do you mean by that, Fritz?" asked Sidonie, leaning forward in her chair, and speaking in a clear, almost loud tone.

"It sounds so incredible that, even while telling you, I can scarcely believe it myself, though Werner's own story unfortunately admits of no doubt. When I reached his house to-day, I found all the servants in such a state of excitement that they scarcely heeded the arrival of a guest. The butler was holding his head in both hands, the footmen were running helplessly about, and even the valet was in such a state, that he could not possibly show me to his master, so I was obliged to make my way myself, and only succeeded in finding Werner after a long search."

"He was sitting before a heap of papers, but, unlike his servants, seemed perfectly calm. 'Why, Fritz!' he exclaimed, 'have you already heard of the affair, and do you come to condole with, or congratulate

me? For my own part, I really don't know on which side — the bright or the dark one — to look at my fate."

"What has happened, Werner?" I asked in my turn; "I only came here to call on you."

"So you came to see Count Meerburg; but you must content yourself with a visit to plain Werner Bothmer."

"He said this in a half-jesting tone, but I saw he was trying to appear more cheerful than he felt."

"Are you going to take another position as secretary, Werner?" I asked, entering into the tone he had adopted."

"His face darkened for a moment, he cast a reproving, and yet half-sorrowful glance at me, and said sadly, 'Do not remind me of a fault which has been too bitterly punished. I told you just now that you are not visiting Count Meerburg, but Werner Bothmer, and the latter has even more cause to blush for a part he played with such mistaken anticipations, and for which the ruin of his whole happiness can scarcely atone. But we will say nothing about it now,' he continued in a somewhat imperious tone, 'let me, without farther circumlocution, tell you what has happened. While unknown individuals sometimes become princes and counts, fate has assigned to me the opposite destiny. I thought I had lost both my parents when a child, and yesterday was summoned to my father's death-bed.'

"Your father's death-bed?" I repeated; I was so utterly amazed that I was scarcely capable of a single clear thought."

"Yes, he is the accountant Bothmer, formerly employed by my father, or rather Count Meerburg, and has lived a long time in the nearest town. When he earnestly entreated me to visit him, I granted the request the more willingly, as he had so long and faithfully served my family, and myself."

"Werner paused, covered his eyes with his hand, and then hastily continued: 'Spare me a long account of the sad affair. Enough — the dying man gave me unquestionable proof that I was his son, not Count Meerburg's. While the latter's child died immediately after its birth, Frau Bothmer at the same time had healthy twins, and as it was feared that the news of the infant's death might kill the countess, love for her aided the earnest entreaties of the count, and Frau Bothmer consented to give up one of her children."

"Count Meerburg wished to wait until his wife's health improved before informing her of the deception that had been prac-

tised, but she remained so delicate that a confession seemed more and more impossible.'"

"But she died several years before her husband," interrupted the baroness."

"Certainly; but the count himself at last became so much attached to the boy, that he could not bear to part with him, and as the accountant's wife died before the countess, and the latter married a second time, he felt no special necessity for insisting upon the possession of little Werner."

"Egon Meerburg would have been acting in a most unwarrantable manner, to rear a boy in the expectation of a brilliant future, when he had no right to it," cried the old baroness, who was greatly agitated. "I do not believe it possible, for Meerburg was a man of honor."

"So far as I understood, the count intended to legally adopt him, but always deferred doing so on account of the explanation which would first be necessary, and at last died suddenly."

"And what proofs has this Herr Bothmer given for his assertion?"

"Werner did not tell me, he only said he was firmly convinced that he was Werner Bothmer."

"Then this man might have continued to keep silence!" exclaimed the old lady, in the utmost agitation. "Why did he uselessly destroy the happiness of a son, to whom he had never been a father?"

"He wanted to ease his conscience before his death, and moreover cherished the hope that Werner would keep the secret in his turn."

"The man must have troubled himself very little about his son, or he would have known that such an expectation was built on sand. Werner would never be made an accomplice in a fraud."

Sidonie, who had listened to the story as if bewildered, and in her drooping attitude looked as if its weight bowed her to the earth, now sat upright. Her eyes sparkled with a radiant light, and the deep flush crimsoned her cheeks, as she said with feverish excitement, —

"Steps must be taken to repair the count's unwarrantable negligence, and induce the king to make the intended adoption legal. It is the sacred duty of the whole nobility to support this petition to the monarch by their united influence, for he whom education has made so true a nobleman belongs to our ranks, and it must be our pride to give him a place among us."

"I scarcely know whether Werner

would accept this expedient, for he is determined to make a new career by his own strength. Besides, he is overjoyed at the thought that he no longer stands between you and your inheritance, and this almost compensates him for his own loss."

Sidonie sprang from her seat; there was no longer any trace of her usual statuesque repose; every feature was instinct with life, and in the magical light shed by the fitful flames on the hearth her beauty looked almost unearthly in its transfiguration. Her eyes sparkled, a sweet smile hovered around her lips, and her bosom heaved passionately with her quickened breathing.

"Come here, Fritz, I want to speak to you!" she exclaimed in a ringing voice, and putting her hand on his shoulder, as if she wished to convince herself of his presence, drew him out of the room; but had scarcely entered the corridor, when she turned towards him with the hasty question, —

"Do you know where Werner is?"

"Yes, he is at old Morstedt's, whose son he saved from drowning."

"Very well, wait here for me a moment; I will come back directly."

She hurried to her own room, and the next instant stood beside him wrapped in a dark waterproof cloak, whose hood she had drawn over her head.

"Come, Fritz, take me!"

"To Werner? Am I to take you to Werner, Sidonie?" asked Fritz in breathless astonishment.

"Quick! We have no time to lose," replied Sidonie, without noticing his astonishment. "He will soon leave Altenborn."

"Then I will order a carriage; the avenue is dark and slippery; in this gloom, really dangerous."

"Come," was her only reply, as she drew him forward.

When they stepped into the open air, thick darkness surrounded them. Sky and atmosphere seemed blended into a black chaos; not a star gleamed from the heavens, and a keen cutting wind blew into their faces, bringing a chilling dampness, half rain, half mist, which covered them with a cold moisture. Fritz shivered as he drew the cloak he had hastily thrown on closer round him, and once more begged Sidonie to give up her plan.

"Come," was again her only reply, and, in spite of the darkness, she walked rapidly down the well-known road.

It grew somewhat lighter as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and ever and anon the wind rent the veil of clouds,

and the moon, floating in the clear, bright ether, appeared for a moment and illuminated the scene with her rays, whose pale light gave the trees and bushes indistinct, huge, ghostly outlines, which looked so menacing and sinister that the beautiful surroundings appeared mysterious and horrible. The fountains, which usually plashed so cheerily, fell with a gloomy, monotonous cadence, and the sighing of the wind, as it moaned through the trees, or dashed their leafless branches violently against each other, increased the melancholy feelings aroused by the dense gloom. Now and then a branch fell crashing to the ground, and the oaks creaked loudly under the violent gusts, whose fury soon diminished, passed with long, wailing sighs, and finally died away in low moans.

Sidonie had neither ears for the weird modulations of the wind, eyes for the mysterious, ghostly scene around her, nor consciousness of the steady, fine rain, that drenched her clothing. The hood had half fallen from her head, but she did not heed it; her cloak fluttered in the wind without affording her any protection from the weather, yet she moved steadily forward. Her companion, though far more sensible of the discomfort of the walk, followed her example, and they went on in perfect silence.

On reaching the park-gates, they found them wide open, probably on account of the baron's expected return. Sidonie uttered a sigh of relief; she had dreaded the necessity of calling some one to unlock them, in which case she would certainly have been recognized. The lights of the village houses now pierced the gloom, and Elmar's carriage was standing before one of the first cottages they reached.

"Is it here?" said Sidonie, in a half-inquiring, half-exultant tone.

"Yes, it is here," replied Fritz. "Let me go first and see if Werner is alone."

"The whole world can hear what I have to say to him," she exclaimed, in a haughty, yet at the same time joyous tone, and she walked quickly towards the house, passing close by the windows, whose half-closed shutters afforded a glimpse of the room within.

Werner was seated in the middle of the apartment, gazing sadly at the ground, while Elmar stood beside him talking earnestly. Sidonie cast a hasty glance at both men, then turned the handle of the door and entered the house. She paused a moment in the dark entry, her bosom heaved convulsively, then she moved quickly forward and entered the room.

Werner did not hear the door open, but Elmar suddenly stopped, and, starting violently, gazed towards it. Werner now turned, and springing to his feet with an inarticulate cry, stood directly before Sidonie. Her hood had fallen completely back, and her hair seemed dishevelled and wet, while her clothing was heavy with moisture, and here and there torn by the thorns against which she had brushed. The animated, eager expression of her face contrasted strangely with her disordered dress, and when she now threw aside the heavy cloak and approached Werner, her beauty was so dazzling that it almost seemed to illumine the low, dimly-lighted room.

"I have come to ask if you will take me for your wife, Werner," she said, before he had time to utter a word, in a manner as simple and quiet, as if her conduct were perfectly natural, nay, a matter of course.

She paused, but he made no reply. The surprise was so overpowering that it produced the paralyzing effect of terror, and perhaps both were mingled in the feeling that took possession of his soul.

"You do not answer, dear one," she instantly continued. "You are angry with me, but should I not have dishonored myself and you also, if I had pursued any other course? Did not the inexorable consistency of circumstances rest upon me like a mountain, which would soon have crushed me into an early grave, and will you not join in blessing a misfortune that removes this burden? Do not say I cannot love Werner Bothmer, if I felt dishonored by my affection for the secretary Werner. The sacred duty that compelled me to struggle against my regard for him, now bids me love Werner Bothmer. He is the man whom my parents selected to be my husband, who, but for this unhappy accident, would doubtless already occupy that relation; he is the man who has proved himself in every respect my peer, on whom the nobility look with pride. May not such an accident happen to any one of us, and is birth alone to decide? Ought not education and intellect to throw a greater weight into the scale? No, dearest. If, contrary to our expectation, contrary to justice, you are not once more declared to be Count Meerburg, the Countess Hardenfels will feel proud and honored to become the wife of Werner Bothmer. But you must not fly from your home, beloved, as if you were to blame. Let America become the refuge of those who can find no home in their

native country; you, on the contrary, must remain a bright example to all who seek true nobility, not only in name but in deeds. My estates, which belonged to Count Meerburg, shall now be Werner Bothmer's as his wife's bridal gift; they will not only afford us a luxurious and beautiful home, but give you an ample field for all your energy, and I hope you will never regret that love detained you in your native land."

She had spoken quickly and eagerly, but with no excitement; her eyes rested lovingly upon his features, but they expressed no joy, no exultation. Surprise, it is true, had gradually disappeared, but only to give place to a look of terrible anxiety. He gazed into her radiant face with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow; several times he had attempted to interrupt her, but a wave of the hand induced him to relinquish his design. When she at last paused, he took her hands in his, and said in a tone in which ardent love struggled with deep anxiety, —

"Sidonie, dear Sidonie! What can have happened to excite you so?"

She cast a startled glance at his face, then hastily withdrew her hands, and, retreating a step, murmured in a tone of agony: "He does not love me, he rejects me."

Fritz, who had hitherto been standing with a very penitent air in a dark corner of the room, watching the scene, now came slowly forward. His usual vivacious spirits had entirely deserted him, and he was evidently very much troubled, as he said in a low tone, —

"I believe there is a misunderstanding here, my dear Werner. I had heard that you had discovered you were not Count Meerburg, and in despair intended to go to America, and was perhaps a little hasty in telling the news to Sidonie."

Werner's eyes darted a look of furious anger at the delinquent, but the next instant a far different expression brightened his face, anxiety and sorrow vanished, and love blended with the deepest emotion.

He again clasped Sidonie's hands, and said, in a trembling voice, —

"Fritz has practised a most unwarrantable deception upon you, Sidonie. I have neither been transformed into another person, nor do I intend to go away. But is the happiness this deception caused me to vanish with it like a *fata morgana*? Must Werner Meerburg renounce the joy with which you meant to bless Werner Bothmer?"

She gazed at him with dilated eyes; for

a few moments surprise rendered her speechless, then, bursting into tears, she threw herself into his arms and stammered in broken accents, —

"Oh, thanks for a deception which has saved me from utter misery! I could not have borne to live without you, Werner, — I hoped and prayed that death would soon release me from my torture."

Werner, in an ecstasy of delight, pressed her to his heart, murmuring words of the fondest love, while Fritz, whose expression had wholly changed and become perfectly radiant, said pathetically, —

"What is hid from the wise and prudent is revealed unto babes."

"Because the wise know and see dangers, over which the babe Fritz passes like a sleep-walker," said Elmar. "Your experiment might have had a very dangerous result."

"Might! But it didn't," exclaimed Fritz laughing. "The drama went off admirably. When Werner told me about his visit to Count Hardeck, and said he must see you a few minutes without coming to the castle, and moreover wanted to examine papers you were to bring with you, the plan instantly matured in my brain. I so constantly forgot the names of the papers, that if Werner did not openly call me a dunce, it was only on account of his innate courtesy. At last, in despair at my stupidity, he determined to write a few lines to you, and in so doing helped my design, for this mysterious letter had a great deal to do with the success of the little farce. Of course I was obliged to wait till you had gone, for you were quite capable of spoiling the whole affair, and when I had once got you safely out of the castle, I felt sure of my victory."

Grandmamma seemed most incredulous, while Erica was only sympathizing, and Sidonie instantly fell into the mood I desired. Grandmamma's objection that Countess Meerburg died before the count, almost spoiled my plan, for I had mentioned the change of children for her sole benefit, but I quickly recovered my wits, and the old count's touching love for Werner saved me the more quickly, as all thought it so natural."

The two persons most interested seemed for the present entirely indifferent to the story of the successful deception, for they paid no attention to the conversation between Fritz and Elmar. Sidonie was still clasped in Werner's arms, listening with a happy smile to his professions of love. The latter, however, now noticed her

damp dress, and, greatly alarmed, hastily asked the cause.

"Water, my dear Werner, the usual cause of dampness," replied Fritz, before she could answer. "When people run here from the castle on foot, especially on a pitch-dark night, the matter is perfectly intelligible."

"You came here on foot through the darkness!" repeated Werner in horror, which was instantly transformed into delight, as he once more clasped Sidonie in his arms.

"It certainly was not very sensible," said Sidonie, smiling, "but Fritz had excited me so, that I really did not exactly know what I was doing."

"Then I will represent reason, and insist upon returning home as quickly as possible," said Elmar. "Where is your carriage, Werner? I'll order the coachman to drive up."

"I came with Fritz, and intended to take a post-chaise home."

"Excellent!" laughed Elmar, "and this carriage has only one seat, so Fritz and I are condemned to return on foot."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Fritz, "I had romance enough for one evening in coming down. I'll take the reins and act coachman."

"No, I prefer to assume that honorable office myself, Fritz. I believe it will be safer for all concerned. You can sit beside me as footman, and the two servants may return to the castle on foot and exchange their remarks upon the eccentricities of their superiors."

Werner would not allow Sidonie to put on her wet cloak again, but wrapped her in his own, and then helped her into the carriage, taking his seat beside her, while Elmar and Fritz mounted the box. Elmar took the whip from the dethroned and somewhat sulky coachman, and the carriage rolled through the park gates towards the castle.

The wind had increased almost to a gale, shook the boughs of the trees furiously, and howled fiercely down the ravines, but in so doing swept the sky clear; the moon shone brightly, and only now and then a long, ragged cloud floated rapidly over the heavens. The trees and bushes still seemed gigantic, but no longer ghostly and threatening, the loud creaking of the firs no longer sounded like moans of anguish, and the fountains plashed as if the night and storm only made them more gay. The melancholy nature had expressed only one short hour ago had dis-

peared, and she now seemed to echo the happiness that filled Sidonie's heart.

When the carriage stopped before the door, the face of the servant who hurried forward bore a slight reflection of the surprise his master's features had portrayed a short time before. Werner lifted Sidonie, who was so muffled as to be unrecognizable, out of the vehicle, but she could scarcely ascend the steps in the heavy, uncomfortable cloak, and at last smilingly threw it back, took Werner's hand, and led him directly into the baroness's room.

Sidonie's absence had made both the latter and Erica very uneasy. As she could not be found in her own room, and none of the servants knew anything about her, both ladies probably suspected the true state of affairs, but only became more anxious about the result of the adventure.

When Sidonie now entered the room with Werner, she drew him towards the old lady, and said, with a warmth very unlike her usual cold manner, —

"Here is my betrothed husband, grand-mamma. Unfortunately, he is not, as I hoped, Werner Bothmer, and I have been unable to make any sacrifice for him; but as he remains Count Meerburg, I must conquer my dislike, for, after all, he will always be Werner."

After the baroness and Erica had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment to be able to express their congratulations, Sidonie glided out of the room, leaving the explanation of the affair to the others. She soon appeared again in another dress, and the warm fire, as well as the hot tea the baroness instantly ordered, soon dispelled all chilly feelings.

"Have you thought of my reward yet?" asked Fritz in the course of the conversation. "I hope you won't forget that you would never have reached the goal but for me. Sidonie would probably have spent her life as the revered abbess of Herdrungen, and Werner remained a bachelor."

"I will remunerate you magnificently, Fritz. I'll give you three years' unlimited freedom to adore Sidonie," replied Werner.

"As if you could help that! I adored Sidonie before you were even mentioned."

"Well, then, we will say three years' unlimited freedom to pay attention to Sidonie."

"You mean because, during that time, it won't be dangerous, but you will be very much mistaken. For the present, however, I waive my right, and will try to make up for lost time in future. Grand-

mamma, I sincerely pity you. There seems to be a prospect of having about as much amusement here as at Dorneck, and you will have no resource except to follow papa's example, and take a little nap in the sofa corner."

"Dorneck reminds me of all my sins," said Werner, "but I can clear myself of one at least, Sidonie. I never insulted you so deeply as to ask you to grant me a clandestine interview; it was the work of that unprincipled adventurer, Wehlen."

"I don't understand you, Werner. I never received a letter containing such an insolent request from any one except Prince Eduard, and the regard I had previously felt for him instantly changed to loathing."

"You did him bitter injustice, Sidonie. I can give you my word that the letter was forged by Wehlen. He wished to ruin me, though he must also pitilessly cast you into the abyss. He thought me vain and presumptuous enough to be lured into the snare by a letter from you, while to you he put forward the prince, as he did not suppose the secretary's request would be sufficiently powerful."

"That was certainly the time when you asked the 'children' to meet you on the balcony, Werner!" cried Fritz eagerly. "Wehlen arranged the scene dramatically enough, but he was less successful than I. And that is the reason you treated the poor prince so coldly, Sidonie?"

"It has been the means of making the poor prince a happy man, and I have cause to be grateful for that deception, as well as the one practised upon me to-day. My regard for the prince might easily have induced me to give him my hand, in order to defy a certain very uncivil count, and escape a still ruder secretary. So thank the deception that saved me from myself."

"Then Wehlen for once did a good work, though against his will," said Elmar.

"That is natural, my dear Elmar," observed Fritz, with an air of precocious wisdom. "He is a portion of that power which ever seeks to do evil and always accomplishes good. Papa would never have pinched mamma's ear so affectionately, if Wehlen had not caused the terrible coldness between them which produced such a happy reaction."

The baroness now gave the signal to retire, and remarked that it was long after midnight. The lovers were obliged to separate, and when the two friends came into the corridor they fancied that a figure glided down the stairs before them.

"I should have thought that was Weh-

len, Elmar," said Werner, "if you had not told me he was not allowed to enter the castle."

"I have certainly forbidden him to do so; but we will keep a strict watch, to see that the order is not disobeyed, for I also thought I recognized him."

From The Fortnightly Review.
MODERN JAPAN.

THE actual condition and the recent history of Japan present some of the most startling phenomena recorded anywhere in the authentic annals of the human race. In this marvellous country a few years have sufficed for effecting changes such as have elsewhere required many centuries, and even the best-informed of the strangers in whose presence these changes have actually been wrought are loud in their expressions of astonishment. It is sometimes said that the longer a foreigner remains in Japan the less he understands the country and its inhabitants; but of course this is merely a paradoxical mode of stating the difficulty of the subject, and the consciousness of ignorance which a careful study produces. Less than ten years ago the British envoy, while surrounded by Japanese officials and European soldiers, narrowly escaped assassination by the swords of fanatical patriots, and every foreigner on Japanese soil carried his life in his hand whenever he ventured to appear in public. Now the same foreigner rambles unarmed through town or country, with a sense of security equal to that of the legendary lady in Irish song, and far greater than he can feel in many countries of the civilized West. The truculent swaggering warriors of two swords have subsided into peaceable citizens, bearing no weapons more deadly than a fan and a Lilliputian tobacco-pipe. A complete revolution, social and political, has taken place; feudalism, apparently in full force even as late as 1870, has been utterly swept away, and a centralized government with a national army has replaced the feudal levies and petty courts of the numerous semi-independent daimios. How it was possible that such a revolution could be wrought so rapidly, so thoroughly, and with so little bloodshed, may well perplex even those who have given much thought to the subject. One thing is evident, that a slight external impulse only was required to topple down the existing fabric of Japanese society at the time when

foreigners forced their way into the country, producing an effect analogous to that of a solid dropping into a fluid on the verge of crystallization, and converting it suddenly into a solid mass.

It is well known in England that important changes have recently occurred in Japan, although their nature and extent are imperfectly understood, and a strong desire is manifested to understand them better. A traveller returning home from a tour of circumnavigation will (if I may judge from my own experience) be asked more questions about Japan than about any other foreign land, and will hear the strongest expressions of a desire to visit that country. The Japanese are known to be an intelligent and progressive people, but strange notions prevail as to the manner in which they have displayed their appreciation of Western ideas. Persons generally well-informed will even ask: "Is it not true that the Japanese have adopted the European costume, the English language, and the Christian religion in place of their own? Will not the distinctive charms of Japanese life and manners within a few years disappear forever beneath the monotonous surface of modern civilization?" A stranger landing at one of the treaty ports may fancy at first that there are some grounds for entertaining these notions, but a very different impression is produced by a visit to the interior, where the face and dress of a foreigner are rarely seen, where no foreign speech is ever heard, and where the country people are not less conservative of their costume, their language, and their religion, than the rural inhabitants of other lands. Even in the great cities, political and social changes have failed to destroy the characteristics and coloring of Japanese life, and have produced upon the mass of the people but little visible effect. It is true that European evening costume has been adopted as official full dress, and that military and police are clothed in European uniforms; but except those in government employ, very few Japanese have modified their national costume to any greater extent than is involved in wearing colored spectacles and a straw hat. Natives speaking English or other foreign languages are extremely rare, even in the treaty ports of Nagasaki, Hiogo-Ozaka, and Yokohama, although the common coolies can read directions written in their own difficult character. As regards religion, Buddhism, a foreign creed, has indeed been displaced from its position of supremacy, but there has never been any

intention of establishing Christianity upon its ruins. Shinto, the ancient faith of Japan, has been identified with the revolution which restored the mikado to his legitimate position as ruling emperor, and Shinto in a purified form may now be regarded as the dominant national religion.

Japan is a lovely country, a sort of northern Java, rivalling the tropical island in its fertility and verdure, its volcanic mountains, its abundant rivers, and its stately forests. But the principal charm of travel in Japan is due to its human inhabitants, the most affable and friendly race in the world, so far as I have yet seen. It is indeed a new sensation to the European in Asia, when he finds that his dress and complexion produce an attractive instead of a repellent effect, and that even the women and children neither hate nor fear him. Without being able to speak three words of the language, you cannot help feeling at home in a country where every one seems delighted to see you, where the very dogs are too well-mannered to bark at a stranger, and where you are welcomed with friendly salutations of "*Ohaio!*" by all, from the village patriarch down to the smallest urchin. A ragged, neglected child may be looked for vainly in city or in country; plump, rosy, and clean, with ample clothing, and their little heads carefully shaven in a variety of fantastic fashions, the children afford a sure indication of prosperity among the lower orders in Japan. The rising generation, who in China (and even nearer home) will ridicule and insult a foreigner, display towards him in Japan a dignified courtesy, which is at once ludicrous and charming. Babies, carrying still smaller babies on their backs, greet the passing stranger with a gracious bow, and if he seats himself, collect around, silently surveying him with an intelligent interest. Their gravity, however, is merely on the surface, and if the aspect of the "red bristled barbarian" proves, as it occasionally does, too much for the nerves of a girl more timid than the rest, and sends her clattering away in a panic on her wooden pattens, her flight is the signal for a peal of derisive merriment from her companions. As soon as they receive a little encouragement they become more demonstrative, and are almost equally gratified by a distribution of small coins or by gestures of simulated wrath. In the latter case they disperse with shouts of laughter, only to collect again in larger numbers, until some of the elder children, usually girls, venture to approach close enough to touch and exam-

ine the stranger's coat and buttons, or the contents of his travelling-belt. All this is done in the most gentle and confiding manner, as if certain that there can be no cause for fear, and perhaps their trust is seldom misplaced; but certainly their behavior towards a stranger is in marked contrast to that of rural youth in other parts of the world, and it is to be hoped that when they know foreigners better they may not like them less. Affection for their children is a distinct characteristic of the Japanese, and their hearts are easily touched by kindness shown to the little ones, whose long robes and elaborate coiffure render them the very images of their parents in miniature. It is not too much to say that in Japan the class known as "gamins," "larrikins," or "hoodlums," has no existence at present; even the street boy is a little gentleman, and long may he so continue. On the other hand, if the children resemble grown men and women, these in their turn are eminently childlike in manners and disposition. The entire Japanese nation is still in its early youth, emerging for the first time upon the wide world, with no experience beyond the limits of its own home, eager for knowledge, eager for amusement, with a firm belief in the superior power and capacity of its elders, and a determination to imitate them now, in the hope of rivalling them hereafter. During a lethargic slumber of many centuries, this gifted race, unlike Taro, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan, has renewed its youth; the feudalism of yesterday has passed away like a dream, leaving scarcely a trace behind, and to-day all that we see reminds us far less of mediæval Europe than of earlier days, when Greece and Rome were young. As regards their dress, their amusements, their personal habits, and their ceremonial observances, the modern Japanese are remarkably classical, and many a scene of their daily life recalls the Roman pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema. They are a *gens togata*, long-robed and bareheaded. Their delight is in the warm bath. They practise cremation; they celebrate funeral games in honor of slain heroes (as was done the other day on the final suppression of the Satsuma insurgents). The sports which find favor among them are contests of naked athletes. In the cities professional wrestlers and fencers rivet the attention of large audiences for many hours in succession; but the bold and vigorous peasantry are not contented with merely witnessing manly sports, and love to conclude the day with athletic performances

on their own account. Having lost our way after nightfall on the hills near Fuji Yama, we were guided by the glare of torches to an open space before a rustic temple, where we found the whole population of the village assembled to assist at a series of wrestling matches between the youths of the neighborhood, women and boys acting as torch-bearers, while the old men seated in front officiated as umpires. Each champion held the arena against all comers until he was overthrown, when the victorious challenger at once took his place, until he too in his turn went down before a fresh antagonist; they were fine, muscular young fellows, and seemed to think nothing of the violent falls which they occasionally experienced. Professional wrestlers are exceedingly fleshy, and do not struggle with as much zest and vigor as the village amateurs, although they make a far greater fuss about the matter. Seated opposite each other in two divisions, they await a signal from the umpire's fan; when this is given, from each side rises a hero, naked, with the exception of a small loin-cloth, and steps into the arena, slapping his thighs and stamping violently upon the ground. After glaring fiercely upon each other, both champions rinse out their mouths with water, take a little salt in their hands, and repeat the process of stamping and slapping, after which they take some more water and salt. They then squat down facing each other at very close quarters, the umpire asks if both are ready, and alternately one assents while the other objects, until at last the signal is given by mutual consent, and they leap up with a yell. The main point is to get an advantageous grip, and this causes considerable manoeuvring, but when they have fairly tackled each other the struggle is soon over; "they tug, they strain, down, down they go," and the umpire's fan at once indicates the victor. As a rule the award is received in silence, the rivals retire, and a fresh pair steps to the front, but occasionally the excited audience demurs with loud cries, and the decision is then appealed to a referee.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armor, and were distinguished from each other by the color of their cuirasses; their appearance was heralded by the blast of a

conch-shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them, with loud ejaculations; it was clear that he believed thoroughly in his own office, and discharged it with as great punctilio as if the bamboos had been sharp swords and the combat *à outrance*. At each corner of the arena sat a judge with all the dignity of a Roman senator, motionless and silent until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favorite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good-humor characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning-star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of a *retiarus* with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trousers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords. Finally, another amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles. It is remarkable that the Japanese are able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they may also compare favorably with many which find favor in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including "go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock-fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of eastern Asia, is not conspicuous in Japan,

where animals in general may be said to have a good time. Among other civilized arrangements a close time is enforced for game during the breeding season.

There are no roads practicable for wheeled vehicles drawn by horses throughout the whole of Japan, except the streets of towns and a few recently constructed thoroughfares in the immediate neighborhood of the two capitals.* Travelling in the interior is usually done on foot, or in *kago* (an uncomfortable sort of litter), heavy baggage being transported on pack-horses. Where the nature of the road will permit, those who can afford it employ the *jin-riki-sha*, or "man-power car," a light vehicle on two wheels, containing one or two persons, and propelled by men, as the name implies. Usually the *jin-riki-sha* is drawn by two men tandem-fashion, one in the shafts and another with a rope as leader; an individual of moderate weight may thus travel thirty miles in a day for a very small sum, and an extra trifle given to his faithful and willing bipeds makes them bow to the earth in gratitude. Where the ground is smooth and level they will go at racing speed — faster indeed than is pleasant, if one thinks of what might result from the wheeler's bare foot coming against a sharp stone — and even on rough, hilly roads they seem to consider it a bad compliment if one relieves them by walking. Crystal brooks are frequent by the wayside, and the coolies, who wear only a rag round the waist and another round the head, lose no opportunity of washing themselves and their limited wardrobe, after which they start again like giants refreshed. For pluck and endurance combined with politeness and good-humor, the Japanese coolie stands pre-eminent, and if properly trained and led would make a splendid light-infantry soldier. But so steep and rough in many places are the two main roads between Kioto and Yedo as to be practically impassable for loaded *jin-riki-shas*, and on the Nakasendo, or Central Mountain road, we found it expedient to send back our little vehicles, and to proceed on foot through a country eminently suited for a pedestrian excursion. In the months of July and August central Japan is certainly hot, even at the elevation of several thousand feet above the sea, and insect life is somewhat troublesome,

but we experienced no other drawbacks, being accompanied by an interpreter who thoroughly understood his duties as dragoon, and was at once cook, waiter, guide, philosopher, and friend. The scenery is beautiful and varied, highly cultivated and richly wooded, with glassy, rushing rivers and flowery hills. Most of the trees are evergreens; but so numerous are the different tints of foliage, from the sombre hue of the pine to the tender green of the bamboo, as to impart an exquisitely varied coloring to the hanging woods, and to obviate the monotony which often characterizes forest scenery. Each village has its own peculiar industry: stone-carving, cotton-weaving, silk-winding, mat-plaiting, umbrella or comb making.

Trim little gardens, some not much larger than a tablecloth, exhibit the fondness of the Japanese for flowers and dwarfed shrubs; and each garden has its tiny pond full of goldfish. At frequent intervals along the road flags and streamers fluttering in the breeze indicate a tea-house, or native inn, whence proceeds a chorus of "*Ohaio!*" welcoming the strangers. When disposed to rest you kick off your shoes and step upon the spotless matting, where the first thing brought to you is fire for your pipe, the second is water for your feet, and the third is tea. All these services are performed by neat-handed, smiling maidens, tastefully attired in scarlet or purple sashes, hopping about, bird-like, with rapid movements and pleasant chirping voices. Village tea-houses contain no furniture except wooden pillows, mosquito-curtains, and little tables six inches high, so that the foreign pedestrian must adapt himself to native modes of sleeping and eating. Meat is very rarely to be had, even in the shape of a fowl, but fish and vegetables are abundant and good. Bathing is universal among the villagers, and there is a little room set apart for the purpose, where you may splash to your heart's content; and, however hot the weather may be, you have only to clap your hands in order to get ice-cold water. In short, any one who enjoys roughing it a little, with complete change of life and scene, will find few pleasanter places for an excursion than the uplands of "*Dai Nihon*," or Great Japan. The trains of feudal chiefs, proceeding with small armies of retainers to or from the capital, are no longer to be seen upon the roads leading to the Nihon Bashi, or central bridge of Yedo, and grass now grows between the large stones paving the pass of Hakoné. During the summer,

* Since 1868 Yedo, the great city of the shogun, and Kioto, the capital of the mikado, have received respectively the names of *Tokio* and *Saio*. These words are derived from the Chinese, and signify eastern and western capital.

however, all the young men in the country seem to start upon religious pilgrimages, which take them through the finest scenery to the tops of the highest mountains, and are, in fact, very pleasant holiday tours. Ascending Fuji San, the "Matchless Mountain," on the 5th of August, we found the pilgrims there in thousands, streaming up one track and down another in almost constant succession, all dressed in white, with clean mats on their shoulders, bells dangling at their sides, chaplets of beads round their necks, long poles in their hands, and large hats, marked with the names of their villages upon their heads.

Love of the beautiful in nature as well as in art is a marked characteristic of the Japanese, and although timber is used almost exclusively in the construction of every building, sacred and profane, every great city is adorned with groves of magnificent trees, and tracts of primeval forest enclose the mikado's capital. Here the heat and glare of the crowded streets may be at once exchanged for coolness and solitude beneath the dense shade of lofty conifers, whose red stems and dark-green foliage almost rival the giant sequoias of California. In these noble groves are many temples and tombs, clear fountains of water flow into many a basin of bronze or granite, doves and crows flutter overhead (the notes of the latter bird being oddly enough regarded by the Japanese as a "sweet, sad song," suggestive of love), and occasionally tame deer come out of the thickets to be fed by those whom piety and pleasure have attracted to these shady retreats. Even where fire or the axe may have caused a temporary denudation, the mischief is soon repaired; plantations are made, young seedlings spring up, and fencing is unnecessary, owing to the absence of sheep and goats and the scarcity of all domestic quadrupeds, except dogs and cats. Thus it comes about that waste land in Japan is usually covered with luxuriant forest, where the camellia is a tall tree, and the ground is covered with gardenia and azalea. This is, in fact, the only country that I have visited where no alarm of drought has been produced by the rapid destruction of timber in recent times, and where a dry season is even regarded with satisfaction, as promising a particularly good harvest. Judging by the experience of other countries, this state of matters would soon be altered, were a large increase to take place in the number of cattle and sheep. It is doubtful how far the latter animals will thrive in Japan, for

as yet they are mere exotics; neither climate nor pasture seem suitable for them in the central districts, where rank, weedy herbage covers such land as is neither timbered nor cultivated, and where rice flourishes exceedingly.

In Japan the term "foreigner" is in general use, as "European" is inapplicable to a society largely composed of American citizens, and "white" is not a suitable adjective to distinguish Aryans from the fair and ruddy Japanese. The foreign element is restricted to the treaty ports, being found principally at Yokohama, near Yedo, and at Kôbe, on the Inland Sea. In order to pass beyond the limits prescribed by treaty to the various settlements, a stranger must provide himself, through the minister of his own nation, with a passport, issued only for the journey which he has in view, and specifying his intended route, from which he may not diverge. This passport the traveller is bound to produce, if demanded, for the inspection of the police; and it is almost invariably asked for by the proprietor of any house where he may pass the night, or even remain for a few hours. Such regulations seem at first sight to be vexatious, but they are not dictated by jealousy of foreign intrusion on the part of the Japanese government, and have been adopted in consequence of the extra-territorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners, over whom the native magistrates have no jurisdiction, civil or criminal. If a foreigner should misconduct himself while travelling in the interior, he must be brought down for trial to the nearest port, where a consul of his nationality resides, the transmission of culprit and witnesses under police surveillance involving, of course, considerable expense and trouble. In business transactions, where money payable by foreigners has to be recovered, similar difficulties arise, and it is only natural that the Japanese authorities should seek to restrict the influx of persons for whose safety they are held responsible and over whose actions they can exercise no control. Hence passports for the interior are issued only to persons of known or supposed respectability, for a specific purpose and a limited period; but there is no doubt that the country would be at once thrown open to foreigners if the privileges of "extra-territoriality" were abolished. It is felt as a degradation by a high-spirited people not to be masters in their own house, and they cannot bear to be treated as a barbarous Asiatic race by the civilized nations of Europe and America, among whom it is their grand ambition to be

ranked. They assert, with perfect truth, that life and property are now as secure in Japan as in any Western country, and they do not see why strangers wishing to visit their country should decline submission to the authorities by whom such security is maintained. "Come here and welcome! But if you accept our protection, accept our jurisdiction, otherwise we would rather be spared the difficulties and the humiliations which your presence within our territory is so apt to involve." These words appear to express the feelings of the Japanese government as to the admittance of foreigners into the country; but hitherto the answer given has been to this effect: "Our people claim the right of entering Japan, and you must admit them, but your judicial system is not satisfactory to us, and we cannot permit you to judge cases in which our countrymen are concerned." While the maritime powers concur in such a reply to all appeals on the subject of extra-territoriality, the Japanese must of course submit. Japan is not powerful enough to defend her own sovereignty single-handed against foreign aggression, and she is not protected by the *comitas gentium*, or the general indignation aroused in Christendom when a weak nation is the object of unprovoked attack. She has not been formally admitted into the society of civilized nations, and although her internal administration has given peace and prosperity to her own people, she is deprived within her own territory of rights enjoyed by the feeblest and worst-governed of Christian states. We have heard sad stories of ill-usage and injustice suffered by British subjects in Peru, and of mild, ineffectual remonstrances from the British Foreign Office. Even in Spain the diplomatic intervention of our government on behalf of imprisoned Englishmen has not always produced satisfactory results, and it would be easy to multiply instances illustrating the inconveniences to which English travellers, merchants, or sailors, must submit, when business or pleasure takes them to foreign shores. It is not very clear why Japan is entitled to less consideration than Peru, unless it be that having a well-organized civil government, with comparatively feeble military and naval resources, it is very easy to coerce her. From barbarians and savages, concessions or compensation must be extorted on each separate occasion after warfare and carnage, but the Japanese are acute observers, and have good memories, so that it is now only necessary to remind them that we possess

long-range guns. They know that for the present resistance is hopeless, and while waiting for a time when they may be better able to vindicate their independence, they content themselves with protesting against a policy which holds in all cases the central government strictly responsible, but denies them the rights essential to their independence and self-respect.

Another grievance of the Japanese against foreigners is the tariff fixed by treaty to regulate the duties upon foreign goods imported into Japan, and they complain that they are compelled under this tariff to "receive such commerce as it suits the Western nations to offer, and have no word to say as to the terms upon which it is to be admitted." Either for the purpose of raising revenue, or of protecting native industry, they are powerless to fix the rate of duty which seems to them desirable, while foreign governments are bound by no reciprocal obligation, and the results are disastrous to Japanese finance, necessitating the imposition of export duties upon native manufacturers. For this infringement of financial liberty England, the apostle of free trade, is mainly responsible, but it must be admitted that upon this and kindred questions there prevails among the maritime powers a degree of unanimity which would be admirable if it did not lead to combined acts of injustice. Deliverance from the fetters placed upon Japanese commerce in the supposed interests of foreign traders can only be looked for through an awakening of public opinion in Europe, or through a falling out among the leagued oppressors.

The Japanese have never been a commercial people, and they regard with aversion what seems to them a grasping, covetous spirit in foreign governments no less than in foreign merchants. The exaction of pecuniary indemnities for personal injuries appears to a samurai sordid and unworthy either of a gentleman or of a great nation; but in this matter also modern ideas have prevailed with the present government, and an indemnity has been recently paid by China to Japan in connection with the Formosa difficulty.

It is remarkable at the present time to observe how in the case of Simonoseki Straits the Japanese were able to quote against us our own stipulations as to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and to justify their attempt to exclude foreign ships of war from their own narrow seas with precedents drawn from recent European history. Should the Japanese ever appeal to the British for aid in repelling Russian

encroachments, they will certainly make out a better case than the Turks have been able to do, and so far as British interests are concerned there is no part of the world, except the north-eastern corner of Asia, where Russia, by the acquisition of coal-producing territory with permanently open harbors, appears seriously to menace British maritime and colonial supremacy.

Foreign trade with Japan has proved to be a far less lucrative affair than seemed probable, when that country was first thrown open to external commerce. The extensive purchase by the Japanese of ships, machinery, and warlike stores; the abundance of gold in Japan as compared with silver; * the demand in Europe for Japanese "curios" and works of art, all combined to augment the profits of the first foreign traders, and to raise exaggerated hopes of the permanent traffic to be developed. This has, in fact, assumed very moderate dimensions: in 1874 the imports of the Japanese empire were \$24,223,629, and the exports \$20,001,637, the former consisting mainly of cotton and woollen fabrics, and iron wrought and unwrought; the latter of silk, tea, and rice. This foreign trade was carried on at four treaty ports, Yokohama or Kanagawa absorbing two-thirds of the whole, and Kobe or Hiogo-Ozaka most of the remainder; the trade of Hakodate being quite insignificant, and that of Nagasaki, so long the only accessible port, amounting only to four millions of dollars. In population as well as in area the Japanese archipelago somewhat exceeds the United Kingdom, containing about thirty-three million inhabitants, and one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, so that the above stated amount of foreign trade seems ridiculously small. In 1874 the imports of the United Kingdom were £370,082,701; and the exports, including colonial and foreign produce, were £297,650,464, the total being £667,733,165, as against the Japanese total of \$44,000,000 or £9,000,000. That is to say, the external commerce of the United Kingdom bears to that of the Japanese empire the proportion of seventy-four to one. No doubt the foreign trade of a fertile and populous country must tend to increase as new wants are developed among the people, but so ingenious and industrious a race will never be very extensive consumers of foreign manufactures: Japan can grow upon her own soil almost every useful product not essen-

tially tropical, and her people will soon learn to make almost every necessary article for themselves. The Japanese might take for their motto, "*Il Giappone farà da se*," and they display their prudence and judgment in employing foreigners in all capacities as instructors only, dispensing with their services as soon as natives have learned how to do the work. In the mint at Ozaka, for example, when the machinery was first imported, the whole establishment was placed under foreign supervision, and many foreigners were employed as subordinates. When I visited Ozaka in July, 1877, the master of the mint was a Japanese, and the European staff had been reduced to four gentlemen in charge of special departments; by one of them I was assured that in course of time the natives would be perfectly competent to manage unaided the entire establishment, the coinage of which would do credit to any mint in the world.

Education of the young is an object for which public money is liberally expended: in country villages the one large building is generally the new school, and where a modern house in European style has not been built it is usual to find the residence of a samurai, or even of an ex-daimio, appropriated for tuition. One practical reform, which would greatly promote educational progress, is the adoption of Roman letters in place of the complex characters now used in writing the Japanese language—a terrible stumbling-block to foreigners as well as to children.

A deformed person is an exceedingly rare sight in Japan, but it is distressing to observe the number of young persons under twenty who are badly scarred with small-pox, many having lost their sight; among children there are far fewer sufferers, and we were assured by the minister of the interior that small-pox has of late years diminished in virulence, having evidently been at its worst soon after the first influx of foreigners. The government afford every facility in their power for vaccination, but have not yet seen their way to making it compulsory by penalties.

It is a remarkable fact that since the Japanese authorities were induced by Sir H. Parkes to substitute death by the hands of the executioner for *seppuku*,* as the punishment of any samurai who might be convicted of a murderous attack upon a

* The relative value of gold to silver was, until 1860, only as 6 to 1.

* *Seppuku* or *harakiri* was a privilege of the samurai, or gentleman of the military class, when condemned to die. It implies either self-despatch, or (more frequently in recent times) death by the hand of a chosen friend.

foreigner, there has not been a single instance of such an attack being made. Death in itself never had any terrors for a samurai, whether man or woman, and Japanese story is full of heroic suicides rivalling Cato or Lucretia, but a disgraceful mode of death none have been willing to face.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND.

HIS death-wound! There was but little suggestion of any death-wound about the manner or speech of this light-hearted and frank-spoken fellow who now welcomed his old friend Ogilvie ashore. He swung the gun-case into the cart as if it had been a bit of thread. He himself would carry Ogilvie's top-coat over his arm.

"And why have you not come in your hunting-tartan?" said he, observing the very precise and correct shooting-costume of the young man.

"Not likely," said Mr. Ogilvie, laughing. "I don't like walking through clouds with bare knees, with a chance of sitting down on an adder or two. And I'll tell you what it is, Macleod; if the morning is wet, I will not go out stalking, if all the stags in Christendom were there. I know what it is; I have had enough of it in my younger days."

"My dear fellow," Macleod said seriously, "you must not talk here as if you could do what you liked. It is not what you wish to do, or what you don't wish to do; it is what Hamish orders to have done. Do you think I would dare to tell Hamish what we must do to-morrow?"

"Very well, then, I will see Hamish myself; I dare say he remembers me."

And he did see Hamish that evening, and it was arranged between them that if the morning looked threatening, they would leave the deer alone, and would merely take the lower-lying moors in the immediate neighborhood of Castle Dare. And Hamish took great care to impress on the young man that Macleod had not yet taken a gun in his hand, merely that there should be a decent bit of shooting when his guest arrived.

"And he will say to me, only yesterday," observed Hamish confidentially—"it was yesterday itself he was saying to me, 'Hamish, when Mr. Ogilvie comes here, it will only be six days or seven days he will be able to stop, and you will try to get him two or three stags. And, Hamish'—this is what he will say to me—'you will pay no heed to me, for I have plenty of the shooting whatever, from the one year's end to the other year's end, and it is Mr. Ogilvie you will look after.' And you do not mind the rain, sir? It is fine warm clothes you have got on—fine woollen clothes you have, and what harm will a shower do?"

"Oh, I don't mind the rain, so long as I can keep moving—that's the fact, Hamish," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "but I don't like lying in wet heather for an hour at a stretch. And I don't care how few birds there are, there will be plenty to keep us walking. So you remember me after all, Hamish?"

"Oh ay, sir," said Hamish, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "I mind fine the time you will fall into the water off the rock in Loch na Keal."

"There, now," exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, "that is precisely what I don't see the fun of doing, now that I have got to man's estate, and have a wholesome fear of killing myself. Do you think I would lie down now on wet seaweed, and get slowly soaked through with the rain for a whole hour, on the chance of a seal coming on the other side of the rock? Of course when I tried to get up I was as stiff as a stone. I could not have lifted the rifle if a hundred seals had been there. And it was no wonder at all I slipped down into the water."

"But the sea-water," said Hamish gravely; "there will no harm come to you of the sea-water."

"I want to have as little as possible of either sea-water or rain-water," said Mr. Ogilvie, with decision. "I believe Macleod is half an otter himself."

Hamish did not like this, but he only said respectfully,—

"I do not think Sir Keith is afraid of a shower of rain whatever."

These gloomy anticipations were surely uncalled for; for during the whole of the past week the Western Isles had basked in uninterrupted sunlight, with blue skies over the fair blue seas, and a resinous warmth exhaling from the lonely moors. But all the same, next morning broke as if Mr. Ogilvie's forebodings were only too likely to be realized. The sea was leaden-hued and apparently still, though the boom-

ing of the Atlantic swell into the great caverns could be heard; Staffa and Lunga and the Dutchman were of a dismal black; the brighter colors of Ulva and Colonsay seemed coldly gray and green; and heavy banks of cloud lay along the land, running out to Ru-Treshanish. The noise of the stream rushing down through the fir wood close to the castle seemed louder than usual, as if rain had fallen during the night. It was rather cold, too: all that Lady Macleod and Janet could say failed to raise the spirits of their guest.

But when Macleod—dressed in his homespun tartan of yellow and black—came round from the kennels with the dogs, and Hamish, and the tall, red-headed lad Sandy, it appeared that they considered this to be rather a fine day than otherwise, and were eager to be off.

"Come along, Ogilvie," Macleod cried, as he gave his friend's gun to Sandy, but shouldered his own. "Sorry we haven't a dog-cart to drive you to the moor, but it is not far off."

"I think a cigar in the library would be the best thing for a morning like this," said Ogilvie, rather gloomily, as he put up the collar of his shooting-jacket, for a drop or two of rain had fallen.

"Nonsense, man; the first bird you kill will cheer you up."

Macleod was right; they had just passed through the wood of young larches close to Castle Dare, and were ascending a rough stone road that led by the side of a deep glen, when a sudden whirl close by them startled the silence of this gloomy morning. In an instant Macleod had whipped his gun from his shoulder and thrust it into Ogilvie's hands. By the time the young man had full-cocked the right barrel and taken a quick aim, the bird was half-way across the valley; but all the same he fired. For another second the bird continued its flight, but in a slightly irregular fashion; then down it went like a stone into the heather on the opposite side of the chasm.

"Well done, sir!" cried old Hamish.

"Bravo!" called out Macleod.

"It was a grand long shot!" said Sandy, as he unslipped the sagacious old retriever, and sent her down into the glen.

They had scarcely spoken when another dark object, looking to the startled eye as if it were the size of a house, sprang from the heather close by, and went off like an arrow, uttering a succession of sharp crows. Why did not he fire? Then they saw him in wild despair whip down the gun, full-cock the left barrel, and put it up

again. The bird was just disappearing over a crest of rising ground, and as Ogilvie fired he disappeared altogether.

"He's down, sir!" cried Hamish, in great excitement.

"I don't think so," Ogilvie answered, with a doubtful air on his face, but with a bright gladness in his eyes all the same.

"He's down, sir," Hamish reassured. "Come, away, Sandy, with the dog!" he shouted to the red-headed lad, who had gone down into the glen to help Nell in her researches. By this time they saw that Sandy was recrossing the burn with the grouse in his hand, Nell following him contentedly. They whistled, and again whistled; but Nell considered that her task had been accomplished, and alternately looked at them and up at her immediate master. However, the tall lad, probably considering that the whistling was meant as much for him as for the retriever, sprang up the side of the glen in a miraculous fashion, catching here and there by a bunch of heather or the stump of a young larch, and presently he had rejoined the party.

"Take time, sir," said he. "Take time. Maybe there is more of them about here. And the other one, I marked him down from the other side. We will get him ferry well."

They found nothing, however, until they had got to the other side of the hill, where Nell speedily made herself mistress of the other bird—a fine young cock grouse, plump, and in splendid plumage.

"And what do you think of the morning now, Ogilvie?" Macleod asked.

"Oh, I dare say it will clear," said he shyly; and he endeavored to make light of Hamish's assertions that they were "ferry pretty shots—ferry good shots; and it was always a right thing to put cartridges in the barrels at the door of a house, for no one could tell what might be close to the house; and he was sure that Mr. Ogilvie had not forgotten the use of a gun since he went away from the hills to live in England."

"But look here, Macleod," Mr. Ogilvie said; "why did you not fire yourself?"—he was very properly surprised; for the most generous and self-denying of men are apt to claim their rights when a grouse gets up to their side.

"Oh," said Macleod simply, "I wanted you to have a shot."

And indeed all through the day he was obviously far more concerned about Ogilvie's shooting than his own. He took all the hardest work on himself—taking the

outside beat, for example, if there was a bit of unpromising ground to be got over. When one or other of the dogs suddenly showed by its uplifted fore-paw, its rigid tail, and its slow, cautious, timid look round for help and encouragement, that there was something ahead of more importance than a lark, Macleod would run all the risks of waiting to give Ogilvie time to come up. If a hare ran across with any chance of coming within shot of Ogilvie, Macleod let her go by unscathed. And the young gentleman from the south knew enough about shooting to understand how he was being favored both by his host and — what was a more unlikely thing — by Hamish.

He was shooting very well, too; and his spirits rose and rose until the lowering day was forgotten altogether.

"We are in for a soaker this time," he cried, quite cheerfully, looking around at one moment.

All this lonely world of olive greens and browns had grown strangely dark. Even the hum of the flies — the only sound audible in these high solitudes away from the sea — seemed still; and a cool wind began to blow over from Ben-an-Sloich. The plain of the valley in front of them began to fade from view; then they found themselves enveloped in a clammy fog that settled on their clothes and hung about their eyelids and beard; while water began to run down the barrels of their guns. The wind blew harder and harder; presently they seemed to spring out of the darkness; and, turning, they found that the cloud had swept onward toward the sea, leaving the rocks on the nearest hillside all glittering wet in the brief burst of sunlight. It was but a glimmer. Heavier clouds came sweeping over; downright rain began to pour. But Ogilvie kept manfully to his work. He climbed over the stone walls, gripping on with his wet hands. He splashed through the boggy land, paying no attention to his footsteps. And at last he got to following Macleod's plan of crossing a burn, which was merely to wade through the foaming brown water instead of looking out for big stones. By this time the letters in his breast pocket were a mass of pulp.

"Look here, Macleod," said he, with the rain running down his face. "I can't tell the difference between one bird and another. If I shoot a partridge it isn't my fault."

"All right," said Macleod. "If a partridge is fool enough to be up here, it deserves it."

Just at this moment Mr. Ogilvie suddenly threw up his hands and his gun, as if to protect his face. An extraordinary object — a winged object, apparently without a tail, a whirling bunch of loose grey feathers, a creature resembling no known fowl — had been put up by one of the dogs, and it had flown direct at Ogilvie's head. It passed him at about half a yard's distance.

"What in all the world is that?" he cried, jumping round to have a look at it.

"Why," said Macleod, who was roaring with laughter, "it is a baby blackcock, just out of the shell, I should think."

A sudden noise behind him caused him to wheel round, and instinctively he put up his gun. He took it down again.

"That is the old hen," said he; "we'll leave her to look after her chicks. Hamish, get in the dogs, or they'll be for eating some of those young ones. And you, Sandy, where was it you left the basket? We will go for our splendid banquet now, Ogilvie."

That was an odd-looking party that-by-and-by might have been seen crouching under the lee of a stone wall, with a small brook running by their feet. They had taken down wet stones for seats; and these were somewhat insecurely fixed on the steep bank. But neither the rain, nor the gloom, nor the loneliness of the silent moors seemed to have damped their spirits much.

"It really is awfully kind of you, Ogilvie," Macleod said, as he threw half a sandwich to the old black retriever, "to take pity on a solitary fellow like myself. You can't tell how glad I was to see you on the bridge of the steamer. And now that you have taken all the trouble to come to this place, and have taken your chance of our poor shooting, this is the sort of day you get!"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ogilvie, who did not refuse to have his tumbler replenished by the attentive Hamish, "it is quite the other way. I consider myself precious lucky. I consider the shooting first-rate; and it isn't every fellow would deliberately hand the whole thing over to his friend, as you have been doing all day. And I suppose bad weather is as bad elsewhere as it is here?"

Macleod was carelessly filling his pipe, and obviously thinking of something very different.

"Man, Ogilvie," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I never knew before how fearfully lonely a life we lead here. If we were out on one of the Treshanish Islands,

with nothing round us but skarts and gulls, we could scarcely be lonelier. And I have been thinking all the morning what this must look like to you."

He glanced round—at the sombre browns and greens of the solitary moorland, at the black rocks jutting out here and there from the scant grass, at the silent and gloomy hills and the overhanging clouds.

"I have been thinking of the beautiful places we saw in London, and the crowds of people—the constant change, and amusement, and life. And I shouldn't wonder if you packed up your traps tomorrow morning, and fled."

"My dear boy," observed Mr. Ogilvie confidentially, "you are giving me credit for a vast amount of sentiment. I haven't got it. I don't know what it is. But I know when I am jolly well off. I know when I am in good quarters, with good shooting, and with a good sort of chap to go about with. As for London—bah! I rather think you got your eyes dazzled for a minute, Macleod. You weren't long enough there to find it out. And wouldn't you get precious tired of big dinners, and garden parties, and all that stuff, after a time? Macleod, do you mean to tell me you ever saw anything at Lady Beauregard's as fine as *that*?"

And he pointed to a goodly show of birds, with a hare or two, that Sandy had taken out of the bag, so as to count them.

"Of course," said this wise young man, "there is one case in which that London life is all very well. If a man is awful spoons on a girl, then, of course, he can trot after her from house to house, and walk his feet off in the Park. I remember a fellow saying a very clever thing about the reasons that took a man into society. What was it now? Let me see. It was either to look out for a wife, or—or——"

Mr. Ogilvie was trying to recollect the epigram, and to light a wax match at the same time, and he failed in both.

"Well," said he, "I won't spoil it; but don't you believe that any one you met in London wouldn't be precious glad to change places with us at this moment."

Any one? What was the situation? Pouring rain, leaden skies, the gloomy solitude of the high moors, the sound of roaring waters. And here they were crouching under a stone wall, with their dripping fingers lighting match after match for their damp pipes, with not a few midges in the moist and clammy air, and with a faint halo of steam plainly arising from

the leather of their boots. When Fiona, the Fair Stranger came from over the blue seas to her new home, was this the picture of Highland life that was presented to her?

"Lady Beauregard, for example?" said Macleod.

"Oh, I am not talking about women," observed the sagacious boy; "I never could make out a woman's notion about anything. I dare say they like London life well enough, for they can show off their shoulders and their diamonds."

"Ogilvie," Macleod said, with a sudden earnestness, "I am fretting my heart out here—that is the fact. If it were not for the poor old mother—and Janet—but I will tell you another time."

He got up on his feet, and took his gun from Sandy. His companion—wondering not a little, but saying nothing—did likewise. Was this the man who had always seemed rather proud of his hard life on the hills? who had regarded the idleness and effeminacy of town life with something of an unexpressed scorn? A young fellow in robust health and splendid spirits—an eager sportsman and an accurate shot—out for his first shooting-day of the year: was it intelligible that he should be visited by vague sentimental regrets for London drawing-rooms and vapid talk? The getting up of a snipe interrupted these speculations; Ogilvie blazed away, missing with both barrels; Macleod, who had been patiently waiting to see the effect of the shots, then put up his gun, and presently the bird came tumbling down, some fifty yards off.

"You haven't warmed to it yet," Macleod said charitably. "The first half hour after luncheon a man always shoots badly."

"Especially when his clothes are glued to his skin from head to foot," said Ogilvie.

"You will soon walk some heat into yourself."

And again they went on, Macleod pursuing the same tactics, so that his companion had the cream of the shooting. Despite the continued soaking rain, Ogilvie's spirits seemed to become more and more buoyant. He was shooting capitally; one very long shot he made, bringing down an old black-cock with a thump on the heather, causing Hamish to exclaim,—

"Well done, sir! It is a glass of whiskey you will deserve for that shot."

Whereupon Mr. Ogilvie stopped, and modestly hinted that he would accept of at least a moiety of the proffered reward.

"Do you know, Hamish," said he, "that

It is the greatest comfort in the world to get wet right through, for you know you can't be worse, and it gives you no trouble."

"And a whole glass will do you no harm, sir," shrewdly observed Hamish.

"Not in the clouds."

"The what, sir?"

"The clouds. Don't you consider we are going shooting through clouds?"

"There will be a snipe or two down here, sir," said Hamish, moving on; for he could not understand conundrums, especially conundrums in English.

The day remained of this moist character to the end; but they had plenty of sport, and they had a heavy bag on their return to Castle Dare. Macleod was rather silent on the way home. Ogilvie was still at a loss to know why his friend should have taken this sudden dislike to living in a place he had lived in all his life. Nor could he understand why Macleod should have deliberately surrendered to him the chance of bagging the brace of grouse that got up by the side of the road. It was scarcely, he considered, within the possibilities of human nature.

CHAPTER XV.

A CONFESSION.

AND once again the big dining-hall of Castle Dare was ablaze with candles; and Janet was there, gravely listening to the garrulous talk of the boy officer; and Keith Macleod, in his dress tartan; and the noble-looking old lady at the head of the table, who more than once expressed to her guest, in that sweetly modulated and gracious voice of hers, how sorry she was he had encountered so bad a day for the first day of his visit.

"It is different with Keith," said she, "for he is used to be out in all weathers. He has been brought up to live out-of-doors."

"But you know, auntie," said Janet Macleod, "a soldier is much of the same thing. Did you ever hear of a soldier with an umbrella?"

"All I know is," remarked Mr. Ogilvie—who, in his smart evening dress, and with his face flushed into a rosy warmth after the cold and the wet, did not look particularly miserable—"that I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much in one day. But the fact is, Lady Macleod, your son gave me all the shooting; and Hamish was sounding my praises all day long, so that I almost got to think I could shoot the birds without putting up the gun at

all; and when I made a frightful bad miss, everybody declared the bird was dead round the other side of the hill."

"And indeed you were not making many misses," Macleod said. "But we will try your nerve, Ogilvie, with a stag or two, I hope."

"I am on for anything. What with Hamish's flattery and the luck I had to-day, I begin to believe I could bag a brace of tigers if they were coming at me fifty miles an hour."

Dinner over, and Donald having played his best (no doubt he had learned that the stranger was an officer in the Ninety-third), the ladies left the dining-hall, and presently Macleod proposed to his friend that they should go into the library and have a smoke. Ogilvie was nothing loath. They went into the odd little room, with its guns and rods and stuffed birds, and, lying prominently on the writing-table, a valuable little heap of dressed otter-skins. Although the night was scarcely cold enough to demand it, there was a log of wood burning in the fireplace; there were two easy-chairs, low and roomy; and on the mantelpiece were some glasses, and a big, black, broad-bottomed bottle, such as used to carry the still vintages of Champagne even into the remote wilds of the Highlands, before the art of making sparkling wines had been discovered. Mr. Ogilvie lit a cigar, stretched out his feet toward the blazing log, and rubbed his hands, which were not as white as usual.

"You are a lucky fellow, Macleod," said he, "and you don't know it. You have everything about you here to make life enjoyable."

"And I feel like a slave tied to a galley oar," said he quickly. "I try to hide it from the mother—for it would break her heart—and from Janet too; but every morning I rise the dismalness of being alone here—of being caged up alone—eats more and more into my heart. When I look at you, Ogilvie—to-morrow morning you could go spinning off to any quarter you liked, to see any one you wanted to see—"

"Macleod," said his companion, looking up, and yet speaking rather slowly and timidly, "if I were to say what would naturally occur to any one—you won't be offended? What you have been telling me is absurd, unnatural, impossible, unless there is a woman in the case."

"And what then?" Macleod said quickly, as he regarded his friend with a watchful look. "You have guessed?"

"Yes," said the other: "Gertrude White."

Macleod was silent for a second or two. Then he sat down.

"I scarcely care who knows it now," said he absently, "so long as I can't fight it out of my own mind. I tried not to know it. I tried not to believe it. I argued with myself, laughed at myself, invented a hundred explanations of this cruel thing that was gnawing away at my heart and giving me no peace night or day. Why, man, Ogilvie, I have read 'Pendennis'! Would you think it possible that any one who has read 'Pendennis' could ever fall in love with an actress?"

He jumped to his feet again, walked up and down for a second or two, twisting the while a bit of casting-line round his finger so that it threatened to cut into the flesh.

"But I will tell you now, Ogilvie — now that I am speaking to any one about it," said he, and he spoke in a rapid, deep, earnest voice, obviously not caring much what his companion might think, so that he could relieve his overburdened mind — "that it was not any actress I fell in love with. I never saw her in a theatre but that once. I hated the theatre whenever I thought of her in it. I dared scarcely open a newspaper, lest I should see her name. I turned away from the posters in the streets; when I happened by some accident to see her publicly paraded that way, I shuddered all through — with shame, I think; and I got to look on her father as a sort of devil that had been allowed to drive about that beautiful creature in vile chains. Oh! I cannot tell you. When I have heard him talking away in that infernal, cold, precise way about her duties to her art, and insisting that she should have no sentiments or feelings of her own, and that she should simply use every emotion as a bit of something to impose on the public — a bit of her trade, an exposure of her own feelings to make people clap their hands — I have sat still and wondered at myself that I did not jump up and catch him by the throat and shake the life out of his miserable body."

"You have cut your hand, Macleod."

He shook a drop or two of blood off.

"Why, Ogilvie, when I saw you on the bridge of the steamer, I nearly went mad with delight. I said to myself, 'Here is some one who has seen her and spoken to her, who will know when I tell him. And now that I am telling you of it,

Ogilvie, you will see — you will understand — that it is not any actress I have fallen in love with — it was not the fascination of an actress at all, but the fascination of the woman herself; the fascination of her voice, and her sweet ways, and the very way she walked, too, and the tenderness of her heart. There was a sort of wonder about her; whatever she did or said was so beautiful, and simple, and sweet. And day after day I said to myself that my interest in this beautiful woman was nothing. Some one told me there had been rumors: I laughed. Could any one suppose I was going to play Pendennis over again? And then as the time came for me to leave, I was glad, and I was miserable at the same time. I despised myself for being miserable. And then I said to myself, 'This stupid misery is only the fancy of a boy. Wait till you get back to Castle Dare, and the rough seas, and the hard work of the stalking. There is no sickness and sentiment on the side of Ben-an-Sloich.' And so I was glad to come to Castle Dare, and to see the old mother, and Janet and Hamish; and the sound of the pipes, Ogilvie, when I heard them away in the steamer, that brought tears to my eyes; and I said to myself, 'Now you are at home again, and there will be no more nonsense of idle thinking.' And what has it come to? I would give everything I possess in the world to see her face once more — ay, to be in the same town where she is. I read the papers, trying to find out where she is. Morning and night it is the same — a fire, burning and burning, of impatience, and misery, and a craving just to see her face and hear her speak."

Ogilvie did not know what to say. There was something in this passionate confession — in the cry wrung from a strong man, and in the rude eloquence that here and there burst from him — that altogether drove ordinary words of counsel or consolation out of the young man's mind.

"You have been hard hit, Macleod," he said, with some earnestness.

"That is just it," Macleod said, almost bitterly. "You fire at a bird. You think you have missed him. He sails away as if there was nothing the matter, and the rest of the covey no doubt think he is as well as any one of them. But suddenly you see there is something wrong. He gets apart from the others; he towers; then down he comes as dead as a stone. You did not guess anything of this in London?"

"Well," said Ogilvie, rather inclined to beat about the bush, "I thought you were paying her a good deal of attention. But then—she is very popular, you know, and receives a good deal of attention; and—and the fact is, she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I thought you were flirting a bit with her, but nothing more than that. I had no idea it was something more serious than that."

"Ay," Macleod said, "if I myself had only known! If it was a plunge—as people talk about falling in love with a woman—why, the next morning I would have shaken myself free of it, as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself free of the water. But a fever, a madness, that slowly gains on you—and you look around and say it is nothing, but day after day it burns more and more. And it is no longer something that you can look at apart from yourself—it is your very self; and sometimes, Ogilvie, I wonder whether it is all true, or whether it is mad I am altogether. Newcastle—do you know Newcastle?"

"I have passed through it, of course," his companion said, more and more amazed at the vehemence of his speech.

"It is there she is now—I have seen it in the papers, and it is Newcastle—Newcastle—Newcastle—I am thinking of from morning till night, and if I could only see one of the streets of it I should be glad. They say it is smoky and grimy; I should be breathing sunlight if I lived in the most squalid of all its houses. And they say she is going to Liverpool, and to Manchester, and to Leeds; and it is as if my very life were being drawn away from me. I try to think what people may be around her; I try to imagine what she is doing at a particular hour of the day; and I feel as if I were shut away in an island in the middle of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sound of the waves around my ears. Ogilvie, it is enough to drive a man out of his senses."

"But look here, Macleod," said Ogilvie, pulling himself together; for it was hard to resist the influence of this vehement and uncontrollable passion—"look here, man; why don't you think of it in cold blood? Do you expect me to sympathize with you as a friend? Or would you like to know what any ordinary man of the world would think of the whole case?"

"Don't give me your advice, Ogilvie," said he, untwining and throwing away the bit of casting-line that had cut into his finger. "It is far beyond that. Let me talk to you—that is all. I should have gone mad in another week, if I had had

no one to speak to; and as it is, what better am I than mad? It is not anything to be analyzed and cured: it is my very self; and what have I become?"

"But look here, Macleod—I want to ask you a question: would you marry her?"

The common sense of the younger man was reasserting itself. This was what any one—looking at the whole situation from the Aldershot point of view—would at the outset demand? But if Macleod had known all that was implied in the question, it is probable that a friendship that had existed from boyhood would then and there have been severed. He took it that Ogilvie was merely referring to the thousand and one obstacles that lay between him and that obvious and natural goal.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed. "Yet, you are right to look at it in that way—to think of what it will all lead to. When I look forward, I see nothing but a maze of impossibilities and trouble. One might as well have fallen in love with one of the Roman maidens in the temple of Vesta. She is a white slave. She is a sacrifice to the monstrous theories of that bloodless old pagan, her father. And then she is courted and flattered on all sides; she lives in a smoke of incense: do you think, even supposing that all other difficulties were removed—that she cared for no one else, that she were to care for me, that the influence of her father was gone—do you think she would surrender all the admiration she provokes and the excitement of the life she leads, to come and live in a dungeon in the Highlands? A single day like to-day would kill her, she is so fine and delicate—like a rose-leaf, I have often thought. No, no, Ogilvie, I have thought of it every way. It is like a riddle that you twist and twist about to try and get the answer; and I can get no answer at all, unless wishing that I had never been born. And perhaps that would have been better."

"You take too gloomy a view of it, Macleod," said Ogilvie. "For one thing, look at the common sense of the matter. Suppose that she is very ambitious to succeed in her profession, that is all very well; but mind you, it is a very hard life. And if you put before her the chance of being styled Lady Macleod—well, I may be wrong, but I should say that would count for something. I haven't known many actresses myself—"

"That is idle talk," Macleod said; and then he added proudly, "You do not know this woman as I know her."

He put aside his pipe; but in truth he had never lit it.

"Come," said he, with a tired look, "I have bored you enough. You won't mind, Ogilvie? The whole of the day I was saying to myself that I would keep all this thing to myself, if my heart burst over it; but you see I could not do it, and I have made you the victim after all. And we will go into the drawing-room now; and we will have a song. And that was a very good song you sung one night in London, Ogilvie—it was about 'Death's black wine'—and do you think you could sing us that song to-night?"

Ogilvie looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean by the way you are talking, Macleod," said he.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural, "have you forgotten it? Well, then, Janet will sing us another song—that is 'Farewell, Manchester.' And we will go to bed soon to-night, for I have not been having much sleep lately. But it is a good song—it is a song you do not easily forget—that about 'Death's black wine.'"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THE main properties of natural and mechanical forces have been determined with sufficient exactness to enable us to recognize that, amongst other conditions, they may be either momentary or continuous; that, again, when they are continuous they may be regular or varied, according as their successive impulsions are equal or unequal; and also, that they may be accelerating or retarding, because they act sometimes in the direction of an existing movement and sometimes in opposition to that direction.

Now, does it not seem that these same characteristics apply to certain human influences as positively and as really as to material energies? Are not almost all of us acting on our neighbors, just as physical agencies do, either permanently or exceptionally, either methodically or tumultuously, either precipitatingly or checkingly? The moral pressures which we are exerting on each other appear, in all these respects, to obey laws so analogous to those which guide the movements of matter, that even our special privilege of free-will does not look powerful enough to

liberate us from the common rules which hold the whole of nature. With all our advantages of liberty of intention, with all our faculties of volition and choice, we do not succeed in emancipating ourselves from the universal yoke: we remain bound towards each other by the great principles of motion, just as if we were comets, cannon-balls, or clouds.

And when we come to think about it, we can scarcely fail to acknowledge that it is quite reasonable it should be so, for the influences which we exercise around us may be described, after all, as mere shapes of force; our sympathies and our repulsions do substantially the same work in us as centripetal and centrifugal attractions effect in matter; our affections proceed like gravitation, with the same persistence, with the same convergence to a centre. We may therefore consider, without much exaggeration, from what we see in ourselves, that the correlation of forces applies to other might than those of substance; that latent potencies, and equivalents, and conservation of power, are not terms of physics alone; that the ideas expressed by them belong perhaps as much to human nature as to science. But if the actions of men are tied, like those of solids, by general regulations of universal application, they are subject—in contradistinction to ponderable matter—to a scarcely calculable variety of what astronomers call "disturbing causes;" to so many, indeed, that the perturbations provoked by them are far more numerous and important than the workings of the rules which they invert. They produce an irregularity so immense, so contorted, and so elastic, that it almost resembles liberty. Their caprices effect what neither routine nor reasoning is able to attain. Exceptional and temporary though they be, they move as masters within us and around us; they are more prevalent, more acknowledged, and more generating than the permanent laws whose application they suspend. "Disturbing causes" constitute, in fact, the great essential leverage of our lives.

It is not, however, until we consider the separate action of women that we remark the full diversity of these wayward forces, and note the extreme eccentricity of the orbits into which they sometimes manage to fling the bodies that they exercise their power upon. The closer we look at this action, the more we try to measure and to weigh it, to analyze it and to decompose it into its constitutive parts, the more do we discover in it strange atoms and heteroge-

neous vigors, the more do we recognize the amazing inconsistencies, the prodigious contradictions, of the results which it provokes. It is the most protean of agencies, the most fitful of activities, the most contingent of causations. In no two women in the world is it precisely alike; and even in the same woman it presents continually such strange mutations, exhibits such sudden transformations, performs such violent revolutions, that its fluctuations and its aberrations are as difficult to follow out as the shiftings of the waves.

Yet, varying as are the aspects of the cause, the effects produced by it are a thousand times more multiform still; they are so diverse, so disparate, and so divergent, so all-including, so all-dominating, and so sweeping, that they suffice to prove, by their own evidence alone, that an extraordinary, powerful agent must be at work behind them. Of the three great springs which stir up men — money, vanity, and women — the last, if we may judge it by its products, is incontestably the most puissant. And not only is it the strongest and the widest in its movements, but it has also the special and the splendid capacity of sometimes leading men to the noblest and the least selfish of their deeds — a capacity which can scarcely be imputed, even exceptionally, to either vanity or money.

Furthermore, in addition to these potencies, the influence of women has, not unfrequently, the virtue of acting on us by memory as visibly as by direct employment. It does not necessarily need the presence of the operator; it governs often from afar; it extends its sway through time and distance; it maintains it unimpaired indeed, in many cases, after death; it has the privilege of outliving its source.

All these characteristics lie outside and beyond laws; they are essentially the offspring of "disturbing causes." Laws continue to exist beneath them and beside them; but though those laws are immutable and omnipresent, they are not only obscured and hidden away by the profusion of external accidents which are littered about them, but their action itself is incessantly arrested by the obstacles which those accidents cast in its way. In the struggle between the two, we observe one of the rare examples of a defeat of order by hazard, of an effacement of natural essences by random artifices. The chances of personal character and of personal situation, the agitation of the passions, and, more than all perhaps, the great mass of

activities which we habitually describe by the vague name of civilization, are the main producers of these accidents; so that, as the modern woman is essentially personal, so she is by far the most complex, the most curious, and the most highly-wrought of the products of civilization; and it is not astonishing that the constitution and the manner of her influence should partake of her own origin and nature, and should re-echo the salient peculiarities of her own character.

But though the forms of action of that influence are as many as the stars, its issues all spring from one common source. Those issues include every shifting shape, every pulsating mood, every vibrating form that sentiment can assume, from love to hate, from longing to remorse, from ambition to disdain, from obedience to revolt; yet all of them, without distinction, rise from one general birthplace — imagination. Whether women work upon us by the heart or by the head, through our eyes or through our ears, by vainglory or by virtue — whether they lift us up or drag us down — whether they lead us to honor or to shame, to sorrow or to joy, to error or to truth — it is invariably by some thrusting of imagination that they guide us. We do not always perceive this truth at first, because we naturally hesitate to recognize identity of origin in results which vary like the color of sunset clouds; but their very variety supplies a crowning evidence of their common paternity, for no germ but imagination could bud into such boundless dissimilitudes.

As, then, imagination is in some measure or shape the essential root of all the influence which women wield around them, it is natural that, in looking over Europe for signs of the activity of that influence, we should find its most conspicuous expansions amongst those who most excite imagination, amongst the creative, brightening women of France — the women who nationally possess, above all others, and in exuberant abundance, the special idiosyncrasies, the exceptional efficiencies, the delicate capacities which are indispensable to the full, thorough, plenary evolution of the power which we are considering. The sway of women over the acts of men presents in France an intensity of undisputed reality which we can discover in no other land. It is there that it can be studied in its most advanced actual form; it is there that it exercises its highest prerogatives, that it asserts its strongest will, that it thrusts itself most vividly forward as a ruler of the generation. Its action on in-

dividuals is immense there, for good and bad; but that part of the subject lies altogether outside our limits; we are discussing it here exclusively in its general effects.

In Christian countries the influence of women is everywhere: it is in everything we think, and wish, and do; it is in all the questions of our time—in politics, in religion, in morals, in virtue, and in vice; it constitutes in each kingdom a distinct and preponderating form of the national movement. Its local efficacy rises not only with the habits and the tendencies of the race, not only with the individual ability of each woman, but almost more—with the impressibility, with the faculty of imagination of each man. It therefore naturally presents its most complete and most vigorous manifestations in lands where specificness of personality, sentiments of prompt emotion, and facility of ardor, eagerness, and passion, are developed between the sexes in the proportions best suited to the case. It is because these rare conditions are found, in all their force, in the strangely endowed, impressionable French blood, that France has become the great triumphant field of women's action. Numbers of women there are, in their own eyes, apostles—apostles in the world and in their homes. They are, both of themselves and in their ways of life, professors of the political, religious, artistic, or sentimental faith to which they may happen to have given up their will; they take for themselves, individually, all the victories of their cause. And as they preach to an eager and excited audience, the union between actors and spectators produces a play such as no other theatre in the world can show.

In the other lands of Europe the influence of women may be said, in general terms, to present certain determined but limited aspects; it is calming, soothing, restraining, and it is simultaneously duty-teaching, elevating, purifying. But in France it assumes, in a multitude of cases, an additional characteristic of a totally different species. It is often all that it is elsewhere; it is often moderating and softening, rectifying and redeeming: but it is, continually, something else besides; it is—visibly and nationally—stimulating. There is, perpetually, in the leverage which Frenchwomen exert around them, a manifestly instigating tendency—a palpably enkindling force—a quickening, impelling, inflaming agency. Their action can be as tender, as moderating, as that of any women on earth; but it can also assume, with amazing ease, all the forms of

incitation and arousing. Here lies its great characteristic: it is in the examination of the results produced by this marked form of work that we discover the special national effect of the influence exercised by Frenchwomen. In the other elements of their empire they act, more or less, like other women: but in this great line of action they are themselves alone; in this they expend a power which no other women of the world display.

To see this power in its fullest effectiveness, we must not seek for it at either the top or the bottom of society; it is in the middle strata that it is especially discoverable in the true fulness of its capacity. The women of the lower sections possess no directing energies of the sort which we are discussing here; and those of the highest rank are too utterly without class influence to be able to exercise a national domination. It is in the centre that we find the real acting women of France—the women of energy, of number, and of will. There we see at work a mass of organized pressure which stretches out to the corners of the land, which grasps and urges on the entire life of the people,—which makes itself felt in thought, in talk, and in events.

On the strange fact of the absence in French society of any guidance from above, it is, however, necessary to say something more before proceeding further. The difference between the position and the ascendancy of the high-born in England and in France is so enormous, that it is essential, in addressing English readers, to insist upon it with special emphasis. We all know how immense is the force of that position and that ascendancy amongst ourselves; but in France no such force exists at all. A certain small part of the best *noblesse* there constitutes a group apart—a group, of which the members bear great names, but which enjoys no prerogatives, exercises no rights, applies no teaching, awakes no praise, provokes no sympathy. This group is rarely accessible to outsiders, excepting as mere acquaintances; it purposely surrounds itself by a barrier within which it vegetates, in ancient prejudices, in self-esteem, and in horror of our time; it has but few contacts with the true life of France, with the movements of opinion, with the realities of to-day. It offers to the generation no accepted model; it supplies no admired example; it serves in nothing as a recognized guide. There is no national imitation of it, no national admiration of it, no national employment for it. It exists as a force in its own eyes only;

the country does not even regard it as a representative social order, still less as a valued national instrument. And yet the members of this group, with all their feebleness and unproductiveness, do form, most incontestably, the highest society in France. But France cares nothing for them; it asks them for no instruction. It invents; or if it sometimes imitates, it does so by modifying, by substituting, and by arranging; by casting aside all notions that do not tend to practical application and employment. It has worked out for itself a general state, in which neither blood nor money is regarded as an inevitable master—in which both are envied but not adored; a state which is based on equilibrium of sentiments rather than on parity of birth—on fundamental sympathies of idea rather than on accidental unities of situation.

Foremost in the eminently national labor of creating and maintaining this state stand the women of the middle classes. It is they alone who are the typical women of the land. Abandoned by the recluses at the top, unaided by the toilers at the bottom, it is they who are the instituting workers; it is by them and by their efforts that the lesson of women's present social use in France is now taught.

The peculiar organization of France offers, it is true, a special and a magnificent field of action for them. But how cleverly they use it! The effacement of the *noblesse* as a caste leaves the ground clear for them, it is true. But how skillfully they till it! Their very faults assist them. Outside their own homes their fond indoor temperament seems to change. In society they show themselves inferior in heart and (as a natural consequence perhaps) superior in intelligence to the men around them. Possessing all the abilities of women, and working on all the weaknesses of men; wielding all the arms of shrewdness, aptitude, coquetry, and charm, and directing them against sensation, emotion, and excitement,—they conquer almost as much by their defects as by their qualities. In their action on society, their failings and their merits labor side by side.

The great glaring fact distinctive of the Frenchwoman is that she is herself. Unlike the Englishwoman, she yields to no dictation from above, she imitates no nationally admired type, she accepts no pattern: her manner, her tactics, her language, and her art are forcedly her own, for the excellent reason that no adopted text stands before her to be copied. The

effect of this absence of a constantly repeated model is naturally to create variety in an abundance which is unknown elsewhere. And here lies the first explanation of that stimulating action to which allusion has been already made. As no woman is exactly like any other woman, or handles any two men in the same fashion, or even operates by the same method on the same man for two days running—as bearing, attitude, and procedure are perpetually changing—it follows that the subjects operated on find themselves exposed to a continuous stream of fresh sensations, and to all the incitements which necessarily result therefrom. In the personal originality of each Frenchwoman lies the great secret of her action. Her processes of each moment are varied with the shiftings of the situation; she consults no precedents, no usages, no rules; she admits neither facsimiles nor duplications. Her habit of individual performance, and her conviction that she is as capable as any other woman of deciding how she ought to behave in any given case, combine to endow her with fertility of resource and rapidity of decision; she stands before her circle of the world as an unceasing appropriator of new means to her ends, and as an equally unceasing provoker of new emotions around her. Her sovereignty is generated by her variety. As the mass of the women of the middle class assume this attitude, it follows that variety attains, in France, a development, and possesses a virtue, of which we can discover the like nowhere else. In England we get on without it, or, at all events, with very little of it. We all live substantially alike; we think, and talk, and move almost exactly as our neighbors do, and we are content; our system of society is based on uniformity; our women behave in the self-same fashion to everybody they know. But in France, if a lady has a dozen people in her *salon*, she acts a dozen parts to them; she is a distinct person to each one of them, and each of her incarnations is proper to herself alone—it contains nothing that is recognizably borrowed from another. And she does all this instinctively, unconsciously, without an effort.

This remarkable capacity is not, however, acquired by pure self-teaching. Although no guidance to it is attainable from above, the women of the middle class do aid each other copiously. The influence of contact which, in so many forms, is so strangely powerful in France, applies here with immense effect. All the women of a

set act and react upon each other; each one of them attentively observes the doings round her; each one of them absorbs, digests, and reissues whatever pleases in her friends. What she gives back is different from what she took. She weaves a new fabric with the materials she has seized, so fresh, so transformed, that no one but a very close observer would detect its origin. And yet it is in part by this means that the infinite variety of her action is composed. The faculty of adaptation is the second of the great secrets of women's influence in France.

But that faculty could scarcely be exercised on so elastic a scale unless the composition of the society which supplies the elements of this ceaseless adaptation were equally elastic. It is precisely because the middle class in France is multifold in the diversity of its components, almost unmeasured in the determination of its limits, and most generously open-handed in its reception of new recruits, that the women who belong to it find before their eyes a ceaseless study of peculiarities, distinctions, novelties, and originalities. If the social section to which they are attached were a closed order, they would rapidly rust in it; their natural capacities would be insufficient to protect them from the mouldiness induced by solitary inaction. The condition of the small band above them supplies proof enough of that. But that section is singularly wide, for it stretches upwards and downwards as well as sideways. The highest class is so limited, it guards itself so strictly (excepting in cases of marriage for money), that the mass of the ordinarily well-born are excluded from it, and are forced, in spite of themselves, to enter the ranks of the middle class. A vast majority of the bearers of titles must therefore be counted as forming part of the latter; and though titles have no meaning now in France, they continue, all the same, to possess so real a social value, that their proprietors occupy, as a rule, a front place in the group to which they may happen to belong. After them come the *rentiers*, the members of professions, the upper *employés* of the State, and all the undetermined stragglers who, in France as elsewhere, aid to make up the great central array. And this is not all. Just as the middle class dilates overhead in a fashion strange to England, so also does it swell out beneath with a charity equally unknown to us. It is the great incorporator of France, the great assimilator, the great absorber. Its gates are open to all

the clean, to all the well-behaved, and, above all, to all the intelligent — to every one who can personally contribute to the joy of those who receive him. Degrees exist in it — human vanity requires that they should — but they are degrees over which it is easy to leap: they serve, indeed, to mark out the sympathies of groups, far more than to bar the progress of individuals.

The result is, that the so-called middle class of France includes, in reality, representatives of almost every grade in the land, of every occupation, of every ambition, and of every idea: it is, practically, an all-containing, universal association, which offers to a studying woman a virtually limitless field of teaching. Under conditions of such a nature, it is not surprising that the result should be as large as the cause, and that the diversities of tone and attitude assumed by Frenchwomen should be as abundant and as diverging as the types and temperaments from which those women have the opportunity of extracting impressions and conceptions. The variety of their conduct is a product of the variety of their contacts; and this latter, again, is a consequence of the variety of the elements of the society in which they live.

And if the women are assisted by these special conditions of the national system to develop their inherent capacities, and to appropriate, fertilize, and utilize all the means which accidents of situation may cast before them, the men beside them are led on, simultaneously, by the action of the self-same causes, to throw open their own natures, and to eagerly breathe the exciting social atmosphere which surrounds them. Both men and women are thrust forward on the same road by the same impulses; the faculties of the one, and the impressibility of the other, are augmented side by side, by an agency which equally affects them both. The constant manipulation of new sensibilities not only provokes in the man a growing appetite for more and more of them, but also educates the women to supply them. In this reciprocal community of action and counter-action between the two lies the third mainspring of the stimulating force of Frenchwomen.

A mutual position of such a kind — a position which is observable nowhere but in France — would not, however, be realizable even there, if very special natural dispositions did not lend themselves with rare appropriateness to its attainment. A passing allusion has been already made to

the most strange but very evident fact, that, in the details of social relation, the men are more emotional than the women, and the women more intelligent than the men. Of course, there are exceptions in tens of thousands; but, taking the population as a whole, it is one of its most manifest characteristics that, in society, it is the women who think most, and the men who feel most. This inversion of the rules which apply elsewhere to the distribution between the sexes of the temperaments and dispositions which are generally supposed to be essentially proper to each of them, is one of the strange social signs of the France of to-day. Indoors, in families, the proportions seem equal. But out of doors, there is nationally a perceptibly greater spread of mental qualities amongst the women than amongst the men — more quickness, more acuteness, more discrimination, more judgment; and, simultaneously, as if to counterbalance this exception, there is a relative drying up of the heart amongst the women, and an abnormal development of it amongst the men. It cannot be too often repeated, that towards their own kindred, as daughters, as wives, and especially as mothers, Frenchwomen are as tender, as loving, as devoted and unselfish as any women on earth; and that no deficiency of heart is discoverable in them in their houses, or in their attitude towards their parents, their husbands, or their children. But in their social practice it is, in innumerable cases, distinctly discernible. Now it is precisely of social practice that we are talking: we shall come presently to the influence of women at their firesides; thus far we are considering it exclusively in its action on the outside world. One of the principal characteristics of that action is, that the women who exercise it are rarely carried away by emotions — that, on the contrary, they retain almost always a perfect control over their impulses, and are able to suppress all unneedful fervency and pathos, and to conduct their lives with prudent equanimity. And their circumspection and reserve are exhibited quite as much in their relations with other women as in their conduct towards men. Frenchwomen do not often make hearty friends with each other. They are the most perfect acquaintances that the earth can supply; but there is something in the constitution of their nature which seems to force them to put aside their real attachments for their own blood alone, and to deprive them of the faculty of solid, durable fellowship with anybody who is not of their stock. There

are exceptions, as was said just now; but no spectator who has had opportunities of sufficiently observing the characteristics of French society will deny that this is the rule.

Under such conditions, the women start with an immense working pre-eminence over the men. They are calm, collected, wary; they are not weakened by idle enthusiasms or by foolish magnanimities; no stupid generousities affect their coolness or enfeeble their self-control; they never forget that their objects in society are amusement, not interest — power, not sympathy — vanity, not fraternity. They do not generally care to be made love to, for love-making is a process which sometimes entails inconvenience if it be carried too far; so, as they abhor inconvenience, they all shrink from its possible causes. And these women, mistresses of their acts and thoughts, untouched and unimpassioned, operate on men whose whole natures are eager, glowing, excitable — on men who feel instinctively and profoundly, and who exhibit everything they feel. The contest is unequal. By mere superiority of self-possession the women dominate the men.

And when we see that, in addition to this first advantage, they possess the second power of greater endowment in all that concerns the clever handling of social contacts — when we recognize that they are brighter talkers, quicker thinkers, more attentive observers than the men around them — we are confirmed in the impression that men meet women in French society without a fair chance of victory, and that the issue of the battle is decided before the strife begins. In this double supremacy of indifference and intelligence we find the fourth great source of the incentive nature of the reign of Frenchwomen.

The fifth cause is more difficult to perceive; for, instead of being general like the other four, it is personal — instead of being national, it is individual. But though it is the least easy to detect and to measure with precision, it is by far the most curious and attractive, for it is the performance of the woman herself. The other elements of the subject are, more or less, external hazards; this part of it leads us into the very core of the question. Here it is that we observe how fitnesses of situation are utilized; how peculiarities of national organization are wielded for a purpose; how characters are played on; how opportunities are seized and fertilized; how advantages are developed; how expe-

dients and resources are applied. Here it is that we detect at work the specialties of the Frenchwoman, — her inventivity, her activity, her assiduity, her laborious preparation of her plans, her infinite forms of variety, her particular fashions of self-love. Her character comes out entire in her manner of composing and directing her influence over the society in which she lives. But all these details differ somewhat in each example; they are exactly alike in no two cases. It is not, therefore, possible to describe them by generalities or approximations; a separate picture of each model would be essential in order to set them forth completely. As, however, there are one or two millions of models, and as it would be difficult to correctly depict them all, we cannot attempt a study of persons; we must content ourselves with a glance at the processes employed.

Of the three exterior forms of action — talk, manner, and dress — which are at the disposal of all women, it is from talk that the French extract their real results. Their employment of manner and of dress is conducted with a scientific skill unknown in any other land; but, great as is their proficiency in the handling of those two sources of influence, it is by talk alone that they bring about the highest and most subjugating of their effects. Even the accident of beauty helps them little; it is so unfrequent amongst them; they are, by their nature, so disinclined to trust to passive elements of attraction; they are, on the contrary, so accustomed to energetically employ the most active measures of attack; they are all so thickly surrounded by examples of constant and vigorous use of personal exertion in order to please, to influence, and to win, — that, by the joint force of habit and example, they learn to regard mere ordinary beauty, if they happen to possess any of it, as a weapon which is usually insufficient to carry them to a victorious position in their world. Scarcely any of the Frenchwomen who are endowed with it attach excessive pride to it. They perceive that it disposes other people to look at them admiringly, and to talk somewhat about them; but with their prodigious common sense, and with their singular national capacity for rightly estimating the relative values of things, they recognize that, by itself, it rarely leads them to any solid influence. The men and women round them want something more than prettiness — they desire to talk, to listen, to be amused and interested. So, as looking or being looked at is not enough for any of them, they end by laying down the

law that beauty alone gives no sufficient masteries in life to its holder. And, furthermore, even if it did bestow complete authority and undisputed control, there are not many women in France who would content themselves with unwon homage — who would consent to leave their faces to inertly conquer for them — who would sit down silently in their beauty and abandon the inspiring strife which leads to well-gained, consciously merited command. The women of France are an essentially *living* race — a race of combatants, who scorn unfought-for victories and torpid triumphs. Their joy in life is, not only to fight, but to fight with arms which they have forged themselves for their own hands, and so to accomplish a double success as belligerents and as manufacturers.

Under such conditions, and with such natures, it is comprehensible enough that Frenchwomen should regard talk as their sword of war, manner and dress as supplementary weapons of attack, and beauty as an unaggressive ally, which adds, it is true, to the effect of a review of troops, but which is of little reliable service in campaigning.

Still there is, all the same, a special vitality of function about their dress and manner. Those two agents are not idlers; they are not, like beauty, passive waiters on destiny: they are, on the contrary, producing workers; they are animated provokers of sensation; they are worthy to be counted as active colleagues of talk, as accentuators of its effects, as fortifiers of its arguments. Manner, indeed, forms an essential ingredient of the rhetoric of a Frenchwoman; it underlines her meanings by look, by attitude, and tone, by movement and expression. Her eyes, her hands, her shoulders, add intention to her words. Without the aid which they bring up, without the background which they supply, her oratory would perceptibly lose vigor. She knows that verbal eloquences, however admirable they may be, gain in spirit, in import, and in power, if they are supported, strengthened, and emphasized by the physical eloquences which dexterous women can annex to them. Talk is the real conquering force. It is to their tongues, not to their bodies, that the women of France intrust their cause; yet dress and manner are regarded by them as indispensable auxiliaries. None but the foolish place them in the front of the combat; but every woman who merits to be counted as a social artist takes care to utilize them in subordination to her

speech, as tools, assistants, confidants, or servants. Even her clothes alone, apart from her manner, supply subservient symptoms of her individuality; they help to constitute herself. They are not a being detached from her, an *annexe*, a supplement, or a support—they are not even a frame for her; they are an element of the picture she presents, a breathing of her essence.

The union of these forces makes up the visible strength of a Frenchwoman in society. That strength, in its external element, is an outcome of them all—of all of them held in one collective yoke, all pulling with a will together, all reined and guided by a skilful hand. How acts their charioteer?

Almost every Frenchwoman who has a place in her world pursues two main objects—amusement and power; it is only subsidiarily that she looks for satisfactions of her vanity of body. First, and above all, she wants to laugh; secondly, she wants to govern; it is only thirdly that she wants to be admired. There are, of course, a multitude of exceptions of all kinds; but the rule is, that she puts diversion first, ambition second, and conceit third; and she organizes her actions so as to attain those three results, in that order, if she can. Her ordinary purpose being to serve and please herself alone—her head and heart being usually indifferent to any will but her own—she is able to pursue her task and to utilize her means without the hesitations or contrivances which preoccupy and hinder other women less imperturbable than herself. This does not imply that she is exactly and completely selfish; she certainly is not so—in the strict meaning of the word, at least: it means only that she is extremely self-possessed, extremely reasonable, extremely capable of defending her opinions and of abetting her desires. In handling the team of personal forces which draws her through life she would shrink from driving over other people, but she would unhesitatingly expel them from her road; she would be pained to hurt them, but she gives them to understand distinctly that their duty is to get out of her way. Her whole proceeding is collected, calculated, cool; but it is not cruel. Her head controls her heart, but she never ceases to be a woman.

A temperament like this makes of her, however, a predestined despot. She pursues her own designs with a will which beats down obstacles, and with an indifference to other wills which doubles the value

of her own. And yet, cold-blooded as she is herself, she generates around her an atmosphere of excitement and emotion, and finds her own amusement in the eagerness, the earnestness, and the vehemence which she stirs up in others.

Her influence consists in rousing sentiments which she does not feel, in provoking agitations which she does not share, in creating stimulants which have no action on her. All France proclaims that influence: its character, its tendencies, its merits, and its faults, are all, in some degree, the children of her work. Her fashioning is everywhere; the history of her country is half made up of it; and her power is even greater now than it has ever been before.

She is aided in her procedure by certain conditions which extend the field of her operations, and multiply the effect of her acts. The national longing for easily-attained, inexpensive social amusement, especially in the shape of bright talk and laughter, creates a situation which seems to be made on purpose for her; for not only does she participate in the longing, but she is, additionally, exactly fitted to satisfy it. Both her disposition and her education prepare her to take an active place in a society of which the elements and the objects are almost exclusively personal—in a society which subsists, essentially, by itself alone, without extraneous aid. Its food is chatter; it lives on conversation. It does not reject balls, or dinners, or any other special additions to its habitual nourishment; but it can get on perfectly without them, for the reason that nearly all its members are competent to supply the one aliment which is really indispensable to its existence. This general independence of all accessory forms of entertainment, this faculty of fabricating their diversion without any other instrument than their tongues, create for each man and woman a position of active individual participation in the movement of society, which is entirely different from anything that we usually see in England. Our own tendency is to claim, wherever we go, that effective amusement be provided for us, without imposing on ourselves the labor of supplying part of it. In France, the exact contrary is the case. There, everybody produces; and those who produce most—for the common advantage—are the most popular, and the most dominant. So that, as the women are more productive than the men—as they are the great contributors—as they talk more and laugh more—they lead

more and dictate more. It is mainly they who have made the society of France what it is — gay, intelligent, natural, and self-supporting; they have well earned the place of power which they occupy in it.

But they have not done all this quite alone. If they have worked out such remarkable results on so vast a scale — if they have succeeded in creating a system of social intercourse, so complete in its own properties and abilities that it can dispense with most of the added pleasures which are needed generally elsewhere, it has been, in some degree, because they have been silently aided by a most powerful co-operator. The simplicity of the forms of French society, the fact that people meet in it for the unaided satisfaction of being together, with nothing to do or to look at, are due, not only to the labors and the capacities of the women, but also, partly, to the national love of economy. An association which costs nothing has been created. It would scarcely have been invented by any women whatever, unless they had been driven to it by pressure which they could not resist. But such a pressure existed, and exists, in France: the women could not battle with it, so they turned its current cunningly into the direction of their own work, and made a helper of it. It is they who have led the society of France to adopt and apply the admirable principle that, though poverty is an extreme inconvenience, it is neither a disgrace nor a crime. In England it shuts the door to contact with the world in any of its recognized manifestations. In France it obliges certain people to be less smart than others, but it deprives them of no rights whatever — it diminishes in nothing the sympathy with which they are received. Rich and poor meet, other things being alike, on a footing of absolute equality. The accident that one came in a carriage and the other in a cab — that one wears diamonds and the other no jewels at all — has not the faintest influence on their respective positions in a *salon*. As has been said already, money is envied in France, but it is not yet regarded there as a personal quality; neither its absence nor its presence constitutes a reason for knowing or not knowing, for liking or disliking. Parity of privileges is not dependent on parity of fortune. Some of the brightest and most influential women in the society of Paris are the wives of poor men, and live in little rooms on fourth floors. The result is, that as social rights proceed from social merit — that is to say, from the power of pleasing and attracting

— the struggle for influence is scarcely affected by the possession of money. All that money really does for those who own it is to create for them opportunities of action; it does not give to them the faculty of using those opportunities.

From this situation results a special investigation for women. They are all, in their respective sets, substantially equal to each other at the start; not one of them is dragged down because her purse is light, or pushed up because it is heavy. The place of each one in the race is earned for herself by herself — by her own individual science and efforts. Mothers do their best to aid their daughters, and friends occasionally help friends; but assistance so supplied is rarely durable. In nearly every case each woman ends by recognizing that no one can really succor her, and that she must do her work alone.

Against the amplified and varied personality which is evoked amongst Frenchwomen by all these causes — against the developed but concentrated individual preponderance which results from it — society, as a whole, has no resistance to offer. The ablest of the women go to the front, by sheer force of superior value; the rest of them fall, successively, into such places as they can win and hold; and the men form around them all a cluster of unquiet, expectant, but submissive associates in the common task of rendering life agreeable.

This domination of women endows them to perform a great and special work. It is they who hold society together; it is they who cement and aggregate it; it is they who prevent disunions, who ward off the dislocations and decompositions of *coteries* which are so frequent elsewhere; it is they who bestow on their sets and circles the rare faculty of preserving their composition substantially unchanged, of going on for years without allowing any of their members to stray off to other gatherings; it is they who achieve the wonderful feat of keeping up in man, as years climb on, the love of social gladnesses; it is they who agglutinate all ages and all ambitions in the common pursuit of drawing-room excitements; it is they who, as they grow old, find means of pleasing in new ways — who decorate their white hair with winning charms — who make of the French grandmother one of the most delightful and most respect-inspiring types of Europe.

If, then, with these results before us, we regard the action of women in France in its purely cohesive effects — if we look at it as a creator and maintainer of a brilliant, seductive, susceptible society, we

have no reason for hesitating to proclaim that it is an admirable and most productive agent. So long as the point of view is limited to pleasures, laughter, and personally-produced distractions, it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more perfect than the result attained, or any course more thoroughly adapted to its function than the one we have before us here. If we consider it, again, as a developer of the imaginative faculties — as a provoker and a teacher of graceful talk, of instructive contacts, of excited fancies and conceptions, of all the stimulants which we can suppose to be applicable to the constitution of a social state where women are the sole chiefs, and where men accept vassalage for the sake of the diversions which they find in it; if we contemplate it as a system which permits all merit to conquer its own place — which excludes no candidates, no conditions, no aspirations, no shapes of power or attraction; if we watch it as a magnificent example of the process of public competitive examinations, — if we view it in any of these special lights, we must own that it does its work perfectly.

But if we carry the survey further, — if we look at the outcome of all this in the national character; if we follow out, according to our means of observation, its issue in the race as a whole; if we endeavor to determine how far French qualities are strengthened, how far French faults are cured, by the immense and undisputed social leverage which is left in the hands of women, — then we become disposed to doubt whether, after all, this most brilliant instrument is really worthy of the admiration which, at first sight, we were led to feel for it.

It is difficult to avoid suspecting, when we look at the matter in this broad light, that a general excitability such as that which permeates through the greater part of French society, must constitute a somewhat unhealthy *régime* for those who are subjected to it. Even if we can perceive no strain, no effort; even if all seems natural and fitted to its place; even if we can discover no signs of histrionic artifice; even there, if we can detect no labor, and therefore no fatigue — no acting, and therefore no deceit, — it remains difficult to admit that the constant stimulations which form the inherent substance of this society can fail to deleteriously affect the systems of those who are perpetually exposed to them.

And again, as regards the choice of objects and desires in life, is it not reasona-

ble to conceive that all this facile tempting, all this easily-attained emotion, must naturally draw men away from solid thoughts, and disable them somewhat for the work of life?

If it be imagined that there is exaggeration in suggesting that such a result can be produced by such a cause, it may reasonably be answered that the contemporaneous history of France is offering many proofs that special hidden causes are dragging down the temperament and the vigor of the nation, and that those causes may perhaps be discoverable in directions where their existence would not necessarily be suspected at first sight. In the influence before us we find a social power which, taken as a whole, and allowing nothing for exceptions of any kind, may be described, in general terms, to be exhilarating but not elevating, brightening but not educating, appetizing but not strengthening. Is it not then just to point to it as presenting precisely some of the very characteristics which are proper to exhausting causes, some of the very components which must of necessity be included in unbracing atmospheres?

If the multiplication of the imaginative faculties, the development of conversational ability, the increase of affectionateness, were the sole recognizable fruits of its action, even then there might be, as regards national advantage, some arguments to urge against it; but as it cannot be pretended that these products stand alone, as they are manifestly surrounded by a variety of other far less desirable outgrowths, it is surely quite fair to suggest, with recent events before us, that the want of character and sturdiness which France has exhibited of late years, has possibly been provoked, in some degree at least, by an enfeeblement resulting from the excessive supremacy of women, and by the enervating operation of a system of society based mainly on personally-created excitements.

It is perfectly true that the systems which are applied elsewhere may not be producing any better consequences; but that argument proves nothing as concerns France. Her society remains what it is, what her women have made it — delightful to the individuals who compose it, but in all probability debilitating to the country as a whole.

If, however, the influence of Frenchwomen has reached no higher end than this in its outdoor applications, it has produced a decidedly better issue in its home employments. It is not perfect there, but

it presents itself in a form which invites much admiration.

In their families most Frenchwomen are seen at their best, both in their personal attitude and in the work they do. Some few of the worst amongst them present, it is true, an even less satisfying aspect in their private than in their public outlines; but the mass of them are, certainly, remarkably good performers of home labor. The particular faults which are so discernible out of doors, disappear, in great part, inside the houses; and though they are often replaced by other defects, — though bad temper, impatience, and dictation may be substituted for frivolity, vanity and ambition, — yet, on the whole, the change begets a manifest improvement. The selfishness of society becomes converted into the affection of home, and everybody gains by the transposition; for the modifications induced by it are perceptible, not only in the woman herself, but also in those upon whom she works. The soothing, improving influences which we usually attribute to women are exercised in such strength around the firesides of France that their frequent absence in the world outside is partially compensated by their general presence indoors.

Indoors the Frenchwoman exhibits a rare capacity for becoming the faithful friend, the active companion, the true help-mate and guide. Indoors she shows how thoroughly she understands the active partnership of marriage; how effectively she can practise the duties which result from keenly-felt associations and from common responsibilities. Indoors the calculating woman of the world almost always disappears; in most cases the daughter, wife, and mother stand forward in completeness. The home ties, the home tendernesses, efface all outside thoughts. It is within her own walls that the Frenchwoman is, most of all, herself.

And this home power is not limited to one class. Unlike the social influence of women, it is found from top to bottom of the ladder, — in cottages as in *châteaux* — in shops as in *salons* — amongst workwomen as amongst ladies; and the miscellaneousness of its actions is proved by the almost total absence of brutality and ruffianism in the lowest of the men. The intimate bond which holds French families together is no monopoly of a rank or a place — is a universal property of the nation; and in stimulating the vigor of that bond — for, in a different fashion, there is stimulation indoors as well as without — the

women render the very highest of all the services of which women are capable. In the capacity of exciting as well as attaching — of rendering home bright as well as sweet — of increasing the value of home duties by decorating them with attractions — lies one of the most enviable faculties of the Frenchwoman; for by its aid the charm of home life can be carried to a higher wealth of national productiveness than seems to be attainable by any other system yet applied.

All this is the work of women. They are often well aided by the men; but the true merit is attributable to the women alone. They have had the sense to perceive that their home action should not be limited to the placid discharge of moral functions and of regulated proprieties. They have recognized that, in addition to that element of their labor, they have also to brighten life around them; that they have not only to aid men to do their duty, but to help them to be content while they are doing it.

It is in this fashion, and by this agency, that the singular development of the family tie, which is so marked a feature of French life, has been attained; that the extreme personal attachment which usually joins together the members of the same kindred has been generated.

The action of these influences on the nation at large has been to provoke remarkable reverence for authority in families. It has inclined the young and old to live together; it maintains a willing respect from children to their parents. Rebellion against the elders is very rare in France; they are, on the contrary, habitually surrounded by an earnest and unweakening deference, so feminine in its tenderness that, though it is exhibited equally by both men and women, it is, manifestly and unmistakably, a product manufactured by the latter alone. No man could have originated such gentle, loving veneration as we see bestowed upon the old in many of the homes of France. In this, again, no class distinctions are discoverable; the disposition to honor the grey hairs of the house seems to be inherent throughout the land.

This attitude towards ancestors is, however, only one of the many shapes in which the frank, cordial acceptance of home obligations is exhibited in France; it supplies only one example of the eagerness of the people to try to render pleasant and attractive every home duty which they have to perform. In varying degrees and fashions nearly every other indoor liability is

discharged by them with the same successfully-worked-up surrounding of welcomeness, with the same will to facilitate its execution by ornamenting it.

The skill of the women shows itself in this in all its creative and productive force; and certainly it would be difficult to conceive any more useful end to which it could possibly be directed than that of luring on successive generations to fulfil the responsibilities of kinsmanship as if they were pleasures. It is not always easy to love all one's relations; but the French manage to do it habitually, as if it were the most natural and the most delightful process to which they could possibly be subjected. Aunts, uncles, and cousinhood to the third degree, come in for fondness; neither ugliness nor stupidity deprives them of it; for everybody seems to regard the offering of it not only as an inherited necessity, but as a delectable operation. As for children, the entire nation lives to cherish them; nowhere is the love of them carried to such extremes as in France; but as that particular element of the subject has been discussed here on a former occasion, it may be omitted now.

The other influences exercised indoors by Frenchwomen seem limited and dwarfed, comparatively, by the side of those which have just been indicated. Their great essential work is one of affection; their great object is to intensify home attachments; the rest counts as little. Intellectually, they cannot be said to generally produce any striking effects on the members of their families; on the contrary, they appear to reserve the greater part of the action of their intelligence for the world outside. Their home labors are so concentrated on the cultivation of flowers of the heart, that the ripening of fruits of the head is, relatively, a neglected procedure. And furthermore, as a general rule, the Frenchwoman is rarely a good or a willing teacher in the ordinary educational sense of the word; she unconsciously guides by the accidents of contact, but she hates to give ostensible lessons. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but those exceptions are rare.

Regarded as a whole composed of two parts, the influence of the women of France can scarcely be considered, in either of its divisions, as producing entirely satisfactory results. In one direction it develops the head and weakens the heart; in the other, it works almost entirely by the heart and neglects the head. In neither does it combine all the powers

of our nature; in neither does it seek to attain the great results which might be effected by the union of those powers in equal force.

Out of doors it assumes one form; indoors it takes another; but both are incomplete, for each wants what the other possesses. There is no majesty, no loftiness in the issue either way. It is amusing, or it is tender; but it is not grand. It is charming to the stranger; it is dear to the Frenchman: but to neither of them is it a real teaching, elevating, ennobling force.

From Chambers' Journal.

CHANGE-RINGING.

THE frequent allusions to bells by our poets are directly conclusive to the strong attachment which binds these sounds to English ears. We all delight in listening to the merry peal, and yet notwithstanding our fondness for the same, and although all our days of rejoicing are considered incomplete without the ringing of bells, it is strange how very little is understood either of the art or science of what is termed change-ringing.

Ringing bells in changes is peculiar to England. When rung thus, the bells are necessarily rung "up;" that is, each bell, by an arrangement of wheel and rope, is gradually swung until, after describing larger and larger arcs, it swings through a complete circle at each sound or stroke of the clapper. The swinging motion also materially increases the sweetness of the tone. When bells are rung in changes, each bell is brought to a balance after each revolution; and when the bell "runs" well, very little actual strength is required, and the work, unless prolonged, is not so exhaustive as many suppose. In this as in many other things, it is more "knack" than strength that is required. The tenor bell of the ring of twelve at St. Saviour's, Southwark, weighs fifty-two hundred-weight; and the wheel, in the grooves of which the rope for ringing it runs, is about nine feet in diameter; yet this ponderous bell with its huge gearing has often been rung by one man for four hours without rest, involving more than five thousand changes; and was once rung for six and a half hours by one man. This, however, was a great feat.

A number of bells hung together is called a "ring," the number generally varying from five to a dozen, which last is

the greatest number that has yet been hung in a steeple. When the highest note — the treble bell — is sounded first, and followed by the consecutive notes until the deepest or "tenor" bell is struck, the bells are said to be rung in "rounds." And it is worthy of remark that this is the order in which they are rung before "going off" into changes, and again on "coming round."

Those uninitiated in the mysteries of bell-ringing will be surprised to learn that on six bells no fewer than 720 changes can be obtained; that is, the six numbers can be arranged in 720 distinct combinations. The addition of another bell increases the combination to 5,040; while on eight bells the enormous number of 40,320 changes may be obtained. As about twenty-eight changes are rung per minute, it takes about three hours to accomplish the whole of the changes on seven bells; and thus to ring five thousand changes is considered a feat, and called a "peal;" any less number being merely a "touch." When changes are rung on seven, nine, or eleven bells, all the eight, ten, or twelve bells are rung, the tenor bell — the key note — always striking last; this practice is more musical than when the whole number of the bells are working in the changes. Change-ringing upon each number of bells has a distinctive name; thus changes on five bells are called doubles; on six, minor; seven, triples; eight, major; nine, caters; ten, royal; eleven, cinques; and twelve, maximus.

Changes are produced according to certain laws or "methods;" and by a previously acquired knowledge of the methods, each performer, by watching the rise and fall of the ropes, is able to work his bell in the same path in which it would be found to move if the changes were written down on paper. There are several different methods which are practised — namely, Plain Bob, Grandsire, Oxford or Kent Treble Bob, Stedman's Principle, Cambridge, London and Superlative Surprise, and Double Norwich Court. These can all be applied to the different numbers of bells. Thus a touch of Kent Treble Bob Major is that method rung on eight bells.

Although very few persons could possibly be debarred from practising change-ringing by want of physical strength, a good deal of perseverance is necessary to become a proficient in the art. After acquiring the sleight of hand necessary to ring a bell in rounds, a fair amount of practice is also necessary to obtain the quickness of eye — called "rope-sight" —

to work among the other ropes, in changes. While his hands and eyes are thus busily employed, the ringer must also listen to ascertain whether the swing of the bell is so regulated that it strikes at a proper interval after the one immediately preceding it. In ringing on eight bells the eight sounds are produced in about two seconds; a quarter of a second therefore elapses between the sounds of the consecutive bells; and as a variation of a quarter of this time is appreciable to a practised ringer, the error of the sixteenth part of a second would lead to jarring results. The hands, eyes, and ears must therefore be in constant unison during change-ringing; and as at the same time the mind must never be relaxed from the consideration of the "method by which the changes are produced," the mental and physical powers are kept in pretty active employment.

The fascination which this art has for its followers is shown by the fact that all the great performances in ringing have been undertaken solely for the honor accorded to such feats. When a peal of five thousand changes is attempted, it is considered of no account unless it is "true." The requirements are somewhat exacting. If the same change should occur twice, through an error of the composer, it is a "false" peal. The ringing must be completed without a stop or hitch; and as at any time during the three hours that will probably be occupied, a ringer may lose his way, and cause the others to be confused, a "jumble out" will probably ensue; the conductor may miss a "call," which is required to carry the changes to the length required, or may make one too many; a man may miss his rope and send his bell over the balance; or a rope may break. Thus until the last change of a peal is struck, it is never safe for the ringers to congratulate themselves upon its performance.

Nowadays long peals are only considered as feats when the same men — only one man to each bell — ring throughout the peal. When a peal of great length is attempted there is, therefore, cause to fear that at the last moment one of the men at the "heavy end," as the bells near the tenor are called, may knock up. For instance, in ringing according to Stedman's principle — a very complicated method, on eleven bells — the peal of 7,392 changes rung in 1848 in four hours and fifty-five minutes at St. Martin's, Birmingham, where the tenor bell weighs thirty-five hundredweight, continued the "longest on

record" until 1851, when it was beaten by the College Youths, a very old-established London society of ringers, who rang 7,524 changes in five hours and twenty-four minutes at St. Giles', Cripplegate, where the tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. The Cumberland Youths, another old London society, thereupon tried to beat this performance by ringing 8,184 changes at St. Michael's, Cornhill, the tenor of which ring weighs forty-one hundredweight. On the first occasion they "jumbled out" after ringing nearly six thousand changes; and at a subsequent attempt rang six hours and two minutes, but were then so knocked up that they could not finish the peal, and were compelled to stop when they had rung 7,746 changes. Now, although this was longer than the peal rung by the College Youths, it was an incomplete performance, not being continued until the bells returned to the order of rounds, which they would have done at the 8,184th change. The Cripplegate peal was at last beaten by a peal of 8,448 changes, rung in 1858, at Painswick in Gloucestershire. Although the tenor of the ring of twelve at Painswick only weighs twenty-eight hundredweight, the College Youths actually attempted to beat this length at St. Saviour's, Southwark, where the tenor weighs fifty-two hundredweight. They were, however, unsuccessful, as after ringing over eight thousand changes in six hours and a half, they got into a "jumble," and thus a most remarkable feat was lost, and considered of no account, when another half-hour would have completed a performance which might never have been excelled. In their next attempt the College Youths were more fortunate, as on April 27, 1861, they rang at St. Michael's, Cornhill, in six hours and forty-one minutes, a peal of 8,580 changes of Stedman's cinques, which still remains the longest length rung in this method on eleven bells.

The College and Cumberland Youths have long been worthy rivals in the different mysteries of change-ringing. While the former society dates its origin back to 1637, the latter claims its descent from an old society called the "London Scholars," whose origin, however, is lost in antiquity. The earliest known peal by the London Scholars is one of 5,040 changes, rung in 1717, on the ten bells which were then in the tower of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. This is said to have been the first five thousand ever rung on ten bells.

The rivalry between the societies of College and Cumberland Youths was at its

greatest height in 1777. On January 20th, in that year, the Cumberlands rang 6,240 changes on the bells at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. This was the longest which had been rung on ten bells by ten men only, and occupied four hours and thirty-four minutes. The tenor bell of St. Leonard's weighs thirty-one hundredweight; and as in ringing these 6,240 changes, the ringer would never be in a state of rest, as during nearly five hours he would cause a revolving plaything of over a ton and a half to make 6,240 revolutions, it might be supposed that no set of men could easily be found who would be desirous of gaining the empty honor of merely exceeding such a performance by so many more hours or minutes. This, however, was not the opinion of the College Youths, who, on February 18th, in the same year, on the same bells, completed a peal of 10,000 changes in seven hours and twenty-eight minutes. After this the Cumberlands evidently took a little preliminary training on the bells of Shoreditch, as on March 12th they rang 5,080 changes; on April 5th, 8,120 changes; and then on May 10th capped the College Youths' performance by a peal of 10,200 changes in seven hours and forty minutes. The non-university college men were, however, equal to the occasion, and nine days afterwards rang 11,080 changes at the same place in eight hours and two minutes; a performance so extraordinary, that the Cumberland Youths were fain to let it stand as the longest on record until 1784, when, on March 27th, they actually accomplished, at Shoreditch, 12,000 changes in nine hours and five minutes; which peal until this day remains the longest ever rung on ten bells, when all the bells are rung in the changes.

It might be thought that such prolonged physical and mental exertion would have a bad effect upon the performers; but, whether it is from the fact that only men of the strongest constitutions take a fancy for such exertion, or that the splendid exercise of ringing is, even when carried to such great excess, really productive of benefit, it yet remains a fact that ringers are noted for the great ages to which some of them live to take part in their favorite exercise. As an instance of longevity, the case of Thomas Barham is especially noteworthy. This man was a gardener at Leeds, in Kent, was passionately fond of ringing, and during his lifetime rang in considerably over one hundred peals, each of five thousand changes and upwards. He was born in 1725, and

died in 1818, aged ninety-three years. At that time, in ringing long peals it was not regarded as a strict rule that there should be no relief to the performers, or that, as now, each bell should be rung throughout the peal by the same man; consequently there does not seem to have been any ordinary limit to the aspirations of the ringers of those days.

About 1750, Barham and his companions were endeavoring to achieve the extent of the changes on eight bells (40,320 changes), any man who was fatigued being relieved by some other ringer. In one of these attempts, on Monday, March 31, 1755, they commenced ringing at two o'clock in the afternoon, and rang until six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, when the sixth bell-clapper broke, after they had rung 24,800 changes. In this attempt, Barham rang the seventh bell for fourteen hours and forty-four minutes before he required to be relieved. On March 23, 1761, they again attempted it, but had the misfortune to overturn a bell after ringing seventeen thousand changes; but on April 7th and 8th in the same year, they are said to have accomplished the 40,320 changes in twenty-seven hours, the eight bells being manned at different times by fourteen men.

The most remarkable of the records which Barham left behind him were perhaps the "Veteran" peals in which he took part. When fifty-five years of age, he rang in a peal of 5,040 changes of Bob Major, occupying three hours and thirteen minutes, when the average age of the eight performers was sixty-one years. In another peal which occupied three hours and twelve minutes, the ages of the performers were 82, 70, 77, 65, 70, 65, 67, and 86; making an average of nearly seventy-three years. Barham also rang in peals occupying over three hours, when eighty-four and eighty-eight years of age. In Barham's case, it is thus fully shewn that the extraordinary performances he took part in did not in any way tend to disable him in his old age. Southey, in his "Doctor," mentions a peal of Bob Major rung at Aston Church, near Birmingham, in the year 1796—but really in 1789—when eight men, some of whom he mentions were under twenty years of age, rang 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes. This, Southey remarks, "was the longest peal ever rung in that part of the country or anywhere else." Certainly it was a very clever performance, considering that the tenor of the ring weighs twenty-one hundredweight; but it

was really surpassed by a rival band of ringers, who rang at the same church on October 1, 1793, a peal of 15,360 changes of Bob Major in nine hours and thirty-one minutes. This continued the greatest number of changes rung single-handed until 1868, when the College Youths rang 15,840 changes in nine hours and twelve minutes at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green. The tenor, however, at Bethnal Green is very much lighter than that of the Aston peal, and the latter still remains the longest length rung with such a heavy tenor, and in point of time exceeds the Bethnal Green performance by nineteen minutes.

So little is known about bell-ringing, that erroneous illustrations are prepared by even the best of our illustrated papers, at Christmas-time, and not a little faulty information regarding the *modus operandi* is added. Very few persons seem to be aware that many matters of practical and scientific interest are to be found in the almost unknown art of change-ringing.

From The Spectator.

OUR IRRESPONSIBLE AMBASSADORS.

WE wish it were possible to bring home to the proprietors of English journals the responsibility now falling on them for the selection and guidance of their foreign correspondents. Day by day, almost hour by hour, the importance of these agents increases, while we see no increase either in their ability or their habit of self-restraint. The position of Englishmen in respect to the control of their foreign policy is just now very perplexing, not to say disheartening. They have abandoned to an immense extent the old practice of leaving politics to a few experts and the responsible chiefs of the two great parties. They have not adopted the American practice of leaving the ultimate decision almost entirely to the president, and following his lead as if it were that of the people,—a policy which saved them from war in the Mason and Slidell case. Nor have they quite accepted the democratic idea—never, that we know of, acted on anywhere—that they should themselves directly regulate their own foreign affairs, as they do, for example, their taxation. The power of the House of Commons is now too great in England and the sway of the constituencies over the House too permanent for any of these courses, and a middle plan has been adopted which has most serious disadvantages. The official

opposition leaves foreign questions almost exclusively to the government, fearing to embarrass negotiation, but the people of both parties continually and determinedly press on them immature or ignorant ideas of their own. As Sir Stafford Northcote hinted on Saturday, government is told how to dot its "i's" and cross its "t's," till the transaction of delicate business becomes nearly impossible. Irresponsible members on both sides, sometimes with considerable groups behind them, rise to question, to urge, to worry, till but for the respect still paid to stereotyped declarations about the public interest in secrecy, the Cabinet could hardly move at all, and is perpetually obliged to consult opinions which are not its own. The fleet, for example, is moved quite as much to conciliate support as to carry out a policy. This tendency has, of course, enormously increased the power of the unofficial ambassadors, who now report daily and publicly to the people. Owing to circumstances of which we have occasionally spoken, the press in London is becoming a separate and very extraordinary institution, quite unlike any other existing in the world. No press, strictly speaking, has grown up in this vast capital, but five or six journals, controlled and for the most part guided by an excessively limited number of persons—certainly not a full score—have attained an unequalled development. For their purposes, they have unlimited means, they spend them very freely, and they protect themselves effectually from dangerous competition. They are, as far as regards foreign politics, the public opinion of London. Their agents in foreign capitals are almost as well known as the ministers of smaller states, and for certain purposes and in certain crises are much more important. Governments, embassies, leaders of parties study them, make use of them, and we are afraid very often deceive them; and the reports they send home are studied occasionally with passionate interest by a whole people. They do not, it is true, quite control opinion. Readers wait to see whether responsible Parliamentary leaders will confirm their statements, or deny them, as entirely or partially inaccurate. They exercise, however, a powerful initiative in forming public opinion, they always catch the public ear first; and if they are incapable, or fanatic, or dishonest, they can do an infinity of mischief, more especially when they happen to differ with the government as to the importance of an incident. Then they raise the suspicion that government

is yielding, and create an angry condition of opinion which renders it most difficult, sometimes almost impossible, for government to act freely. Take, for instance, the melancholy case of the embarkation of the Russian guard at Buyukdere.

One correspondent believed, or was told, or assumed a belief, that this embarkation was preliminary to one of the most astounding acts of treason on record,—the seizure by a power which had just signed a treaty, of forts belonging to its submissive adversary, which, if occupied, would secure advantages equivalent to the occupation of the capital. Instantly a whole country is in commotion, the funds recede, and there is a general expectation of war. So powerful is the impact of such a statement, that but for its prompt denial by other correspondents, it might have been impossible to prevent resolutions which would have rendered war inevitable. It is not too much to say that if four or five correspondents had combined, the policy of half the statesmen of Europe might have been overturned, and the world once more visited with that most grave of calamities, a European war without a defined object. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of men in such a position, or the importance which attaches to their careful selection and their guidance, and the country has no guarantee for either,—for their ability, for their information, or even for their good-faith. They may be in the hands of parties, may be men with a habit of credulity, may even be men with personal and private ends of their own at variance with their reporting duty. There is not the slightest security for them, while they can affect the whole world. It is, we believe, strictly true to say that for ten years the whole position of this great country has been affected by the letters forwarded home by the *Times'* American correspondent during the Civil War,—letters written by a man whose good intentions were never suspected, but who sympathized so far with the South, or with English sympathy with the South, that he could not see which way the struggle would go, or what its inner meanings were. To the lasting injury of the country, therefore, the *Times* went Southern and with it the whole upper and middle class. We confess, recollecting that incident, and perceiving, as we perceive day by day, how under a Tory government the democratic influence over foreign policy increases, we cannot look around us with any feeling of reassurance. The popular Foreign Office seems to us most indiffer-

ently served. There are men of great ability in it, and men of great information, but the total effect of their work is not to instruct, not to supply grounds to the people for a judicial decision. We rarely, if ever, see a letter the visible intention of which is to pour white light upon the facts. Half, at least, of the intelligence from Constantinople, to begin with, is deceptive, the mere reflection of the opinions of men who either report the idlest rumors, or are deliberately deceptive, or, as their rivals affirm, think accuracy nothing in comparison with particular political ends. No doubt that is true occasionally, and in great crises, of State envoys also. The legations do not always believe each other, even to the extent of accepting as accurate positive statements of fact. Prince Bismarck has just stated publicly that in 1866 he did not believe one word any Austrian diplomatist said to him. But then the diplomatists know one another; they are trained to discount what they hear; they are suspicious by habit, and by a tradition still fearfully effective. The people are not. They have no means of knowing who is reporting to them; their tradition is to believe, not to suspect, and they are, like every other mass of persons, almost incurably credulous. The necessity for protecting them, therefore, is as great as the necessity for protecting children, or rather, for protecting the blind. It seems to us positively as shameful to allow a correspondent invested with powers like these to deceive the public, even through wholly unconscious defects of character, as to teach a blind man's dog to lead his master astray. The slightest approach to a doubtful statement on important affairs ought to be visited by the conductors of the journals as a breach of duty to the work, a high moral offence, a sort of treason to the country, which, after all, pays the popular envoys, as directly as it pays the members of the legations.

It is so nearly impossible for outsiders to know who is to blame for false reports, that we carefully abstain from pointing our remarks by individual references. Hardly any correspondent in Europe would decline to forward a statement which he wished to believe, and which his ambassador clearly trusted, and very few indeed would fail to be greatly impressed with the views poured into them by really important personages. The division of responsibility between informant and correspondent is almost too subtle for analysis; and the responsibility of the editor,

though it exists, is not yet fully acknowledged. But we have no hesitation whatever in saying that in the face of the new standing obtained by foreign correspondents, the new influence they are obtaining over policy, and the new relations they are assuming towards all foreign governments, the anonymous ought to disappear. Ambassadors misunderstand and misrepresent, and occasionally, it is asserted, make deliberate mistatements, but at least they put their names to them. We know who they are, we know what their careers have been, and we can insist on holding their chiefs responsible for their assertions. If Mr. Layard recklessly credits stories of Mr. Gladstone, or Count Beust is eloquent on Austria's devotion to England, or Count Schouvaloff declares that his government wants nothing in this world, we know exactly who the speaker is, what he desires, and how far it is probable that he is acting under orders. In the case of the popular ambassador, we do not know even this much, have no means of deciding whether the man who says the Russians have eaten British babies, or the man who says English babies are always Russian pets, is the more likely to know, or the more worthy to be trusted. That is an unsafe position, and until it is altered, all readers ought to load with responsibility the conductors of journals whose correspondents make serious statements discovered afterwards to be false.

From The Spectator.

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."

THERE is reason for sorrow at the loss of the "Eurydice," the beautiful ship, and the trained officers, and the three hundred men or more, so young and so hopeful, for the loss is as great as the misery inflicted, and both are very great. And it is difficult not to be shocked as well as sorrowful at such an illustration of the irony occasionally discernible in the ways of Providence, all in the ship being condemned to a dreadful death in the very hour, so to speak, of success, when she had completed her voyage and returned home, and arrived almost in sight of port, and all on board were full of expectation and cheerfulness, and even glee; one promising officer, for instance, was hurrying to meet his young wife, married to him but a twelvemonth before, under circumstances that promised both a long lease of

happiness. We can see, however, no reason for irritation, either with the Admiralty, or the builder of the ship, or the captain of the vessel, though the latter was doubtless actually responsible. Rather, the loss of the "Eurydice" appears to us one of those cases which should teach the public with a certain sternness that in this world arrangements cannot be made perfect; that we may strive as we like for an ideal of efficiency, but that after all, all we can obtain is a rough approximation. That disturbing cause, that unforeseen but irresistible factor which we call Providence, and some call chance, can never be completely provided against, more especially when one of the agents to be controlled is anything so uncontrollable as the human mind. There never was an accident which ought so little to have happened. The "Eurydice," by the testimony of all experts, was an excellent vessel, trusted by all on board, which had just made a voyage to the West Indies, and which, so far as appears, had not a weak spar or a frayed rope on board. She was, as a training-ship, over-manned, if anything, with men whose training was just completed, and in the very prime of their health and their efficiency. Her officers were all of them picked men, one or two of them likely to become among the best in the service; and her captain, Captain Marcus Hare, had the best of characters in the navy. He was on deck, attending to his duty, and during the few moments between the catastrophe and his death gave his orders coolly, courageously, and as the evidence would indicate, wisely also. There is a hint in the evidence that the water carried on board had been used to supplement deficient ballast, and that the tanks had not been carefully refilled as they were emptied, a dangerous practice, both because it lightens the ship too fast, and unequally, and because, if the vessel once loses her equilibrium, the remaining full tanks roll with the weight of cannon, and especially dangerous to the "Eurydice," which was remarkable in the navy for the amount of sail she could spread; but with this exception, there was nothing about the ship to suggest or account for her fate. That the captain was at the last moment slightly careless or over-confident is probably true. The barometer had been falling for some hours, all the ports of the ship were open, as, with such a condition of the mercury, they ought not to have been; and the ship was carrying, for such weather as science indicated, far too much sail. The probability

is that the captain, joyous at the notion of getting home, elated with the bright, cold weather—first of luxuries to a man just returning from the tropics—and the sun, which shone brightly just before and just after the squall, and with his destination almost in sight, had been careless in consulting the glass, or expected a mere snow-storm, or thought Spithead too near for precautions, and in that carelessness of an hour was his own and his vessel's doom. The mental failure for which no orders or precautions can provide had supervened, and the Admiralty and its jealous care were as powerless as the ship herself. The squall, coming down Luccombe Chine as through a funnel, struck the "Eurydice," and as Wilson sang,—

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast—

Hush, hush, thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread

Are hurried o'er the deck;

And fast the miserable ship

Becomes a lifeless wreck.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship

An hour before her death;

And sights of home with sighs disturbed

The sleepers' long-drawn breath.

Instead of the murmur of the sea

The sailor heard the humming tree,

Alive through all its leaves,

The hum of the spreading sycamore

That grows before his cottage-door,

And the swallow's song in the eaves.

His arm enclosed a blooming boy,

Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy

To the dangers his father had passed;

And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,

As she looked on the father of her child

Returned to her heart at last.

He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,

And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Astounded the reeling deck he paces,

Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces.

What possible fever of anxiety on the part of the Admiralty, what multiplication of orders, what energy in fitting ships can prevent such an accident as that? The captain had barometers enough. He knew what his ship could do. He knew what sail she was carrying, for he was trying to lessen it when the "Eurydice" capsized; and he had an excellent crew; and still, because of an inattention, a miscalculation, an emotion of eagerness, usually as unimportant as a passing thought, he and his men went down as hopelessly in the snow-storm as if they had been struck by a typhoon in the China Seas. The force of a squall of this kind, its direct impact,

is almost inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. The writer was once in the Red Sea during an incident of the kind. The day was apparently quite fine, when a squall coming from the east, through the aperture between Sinai and Horeb, struck the giant steamer, and though she was of more than three thousand tons, and moving at ten miles an hour, she was thrown on her side, and but for the immense momentum from her engines would have been utterly lost. We have somewhere also, but cannot find, an account of a squall which struck a railway train in New Jersey, and though it was moving, as the drivers declared, at twenty miles an hour, blew it from the rails, a feat which seems, of all incidents that ever occurred through the agency of wind alone—as a rule, when heavy bodies are lifted and deposited far off, there is water, with its unyielding pressure, to help—to be the most impossible. There is practically no one to blame, and no conceivable human method of preventing such catastrophes entirely. There is no substitute for the human mind, and no plan of making the human mind equally efficient, cautious, and decided at all seasons and under all circumstances. Captain Hare's mistake may have been the most accidental thing in the world, and of all human beings he had most to protect him from making it.

It is just the same in all human affairs, and the law is just as often forgotten. In the storm of comment which the modern critical spirit flings upon all occurrences, we forget the limitations of our powers. Make what laws we will, and occasionally they will be harsh, and often inapplicable. Construct what tribunals we will, and the judge will now and again be prejudiced, or tired, or sleepy, the leading jurymen stupid, or the counsel forgetful of his duty. Relax punishment as you will, and sometimes it will fall too heavily, or fall upon the innocent. Abolish the penalty of death, and the sentence may kill as certainly as the guillotine; graduate sentences to imbecility, and no two inflicted for the same crime will ever fall with equal weight; elaborate trials till human patience is overborne, and still perjury will sometimes be successful. All that human beings can obtain by the most unrelaxing effort, and patience, and attention to duty is an approximation to justice, which to beings a little higher, who can see facts, but not motives, must often appear a mockery of fair play. It is a limit put upon us by nature or by God, and we shall

not get past it. Arthur Helps was not always profound, but it was a profound thought of his that if the object of the arrangements of the universe was to make man happy, he would have been gifted with at least five minutes' foresight. He will never get one minute, and if he had it, the limit would be but imperceptibly pushed back. Sir Arthur Helps's minute would not have saved the "Eurydice" or her crew.

We have often wished exceedingly that this notion of the occasional necessity of accepting an approximation to the ideal could be made to take a stronger hold in the popular mind. It would create much content, and would prevent much shiftiness in our politics. It is quite hopeless to expect that a reform, or a new constitution, or a war can produce, or be made to produce, all the results expected from them,—as hopeless as to look for an Admiralty whose ships will never be lost. The influence of mind must enter into every human concern, and where mind is present, the mathematical ideal cannot reasonably be hoped for. Some one will always err, whether from incapacity, or vice, or negligence, and the error upsets often half the calculation. All that the politician can do is to fix principles as accurately as possible, to select the best men he can get, to furnish all necessary means, and then to await the result as confidently or as submissively as he can. At the last moment, all his precautions may fail, or his whole plan be overthrown, by a squall as sudden and as unexpected as that which proved fatal to the unfortunate "Eurydice."

From The Spectator.

THE DOMESTIC SPHINX.

COMPARED to a cat, a dog is a very simple and transparent creature. Sometimes, indeed, he is guilty of acts of deception and hypocrisy, but they are crude and ingenuous compared to the unfathomable wiles of a cat. Mr. North's dog, for instance, who ate the pigeon out of the pie and stuffed up the hole with Mr. North's ink-sponge, was not an adept in the art of theft; and a fox-terrier with whom the present writer enjoys the intimacy of a common household has disgraced herself this last week by what was, to all intents and purposes, a lie, when a little more astuteness would have shown her the futility of falsehood, in the face of an *alibi*. She had been tearing up paper and strew-

ing it about the floor, with fine literary freedom, when the servant whose duty it was to clean the carpet asked her, with magisterial severity, "*Who tore those letters?*" The culprit looked at first terribly abashed, and hung her head and tail in expectation of chastisement, till her mistress, as a trial, observed, "I wonder did Gyp do it?" (Gyp being the offender's usual companion and fellow-sinner, but as it chanced, two hundred miles off at the moment.) Instantly the perfidious little wretch perceived a way of escape from the penalty of her own misdeeds, by throwing the blame on her friend, and looking up briskly, shook her tail frantically, and almost nodded, "You are right. It was that wicked Gyp! As for me, I am quite incapable of touching a piece of paper."

It is as useless for a dog to attempt these deceptions as for a good honest Englishman to profit by the counsels of Macchiavelli. But the case is quite different with a cat. She is a domestic sphinx,—whose countenance is solemn as that of her stony prototype who has gazed for sixty centuries over the field of death at Ghiza, and whose tail is not, as George Eliot describes the tail of a dog, a "vehicle for the emotions," and never betrays her, except in the case of leonine rage. No philosopher, we are persuaded, ever yet got to the bottom of a cat's mind. She is a *bête incomprise*, for good and for evil. No one fathoms her implacable resentments, her deep, unspoken suspicions of her enemies, or her unalterable confidence and gratitude towards her friends. Few people attempt to study her; she is rarely even given a name (unless it be the *banale* and meaningless everlasting "Minnie"), but is spoken of, like a poor workhouse orphan by her surname, as "the cat,"—or in the vocative, "Puss,"—and treated a little better by one, a little worse by another, but rarely watched with any attention or sympathy, such as many of us bestow on our dogs. Yet there must be something really profound in a cat's feelings, since there are numberless instances on record where they have perished and died for grief at the loss of their masters or mistresses; and the following, which occurred last week, affords touching proof of a sentiment still more rare in any animal,—pure friendship. A correspondent writes to us:—

Colonel C——'s little black-and-tan pet dog "Flo" died last Monday morning about three o'clock. He had had her many years, and she had long had an internal complaint. She was a dear, little, affectionate, intelligent

creature, and had always been treated as kindly as a child. He buried her in his garden, and over her little grave his housekeeper's children shed many tears. Yesterday I heard from him as follows: "Another of my domestic pets was an old black cat, which came to me a kitten years ago, a few weeks before I brought 'Flo' from Oxford. They grew up together, and were very fond of each other, eating from the same plate and drinking from the same glass. I have often seen them stand side by side before my fire, and occasionally put their mouths together, as though they were absolutely kissing. Well, the poor old cat seemed very miserable all day yesterday (that is, Monday, the day on which 'Flo' had died early in the morning), and we could not induce her to eat. She could not be found last night when the house was closed, but as this occasionally happened, not much was thought of it. This morning she was found stiff and cold, stretched out by the side of 'Flo's' grave! I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Whether it is only a coincidence, I will not pretend to say, but I would rather believe that the poor animal died from grief at the loss of her old friend. But if so, how did she know that 'Flo' was dead? Such a fact as this leads to strange thoughts, or what would be called strange, by those who can see in these creatures 'only a dog' or 'only a cat.'"

When we reflect on the amount of thought and tenderness of sentiment which this story reveals, does it not seem as if, in our usual treatment of cats, we must be stupidly ignoring something very wonderful and beautiful, close beside us all day long?

A more painful impression is the remembrance that on creatures like this have been heaped for ages back every sort of cruel treatment by thoughtless people,—by brutal boys, or wretches like the one convicted last week of skinning a cat alive; and, last and worst of all, by vivisectors, of whom one in London avowed to the Royal Commission that he had destroyed *ninety* poor animals in one series of painful experiments. Mere carelessness causes annually at the end of every London season the misery of multitudes of cats, left to starve when the owners of their homes go out of town. As a cat has proverbially "nine lives," and survives the most terrible hardships, the sufferings of many of them from this cause must be shockingly prolonged. A friend has described to us the case of a poor puss, which, in its starvation, poked its head through the bars of a cellar window, and being unable to withdraw it, remained in the trap for many days and nights, of course without food or water. At last somebody took heed of its moans,

and a blacksmith was sent for to loosen the bars. The cat obviously comprehended perfectly what was being done for her release, and when at last set free, literally leaped on the neck of a friendly cook, and expressed her gratitude and joy by such demonstrations as fairly drew tears from the witnesses of the little scene.

A century or two ago, the destiny of cats—especially of black ones, or of such as belonged to poor lonely old women who could possibly be suspected of witchcraft—was wretched and perilous indeed. No notion of mercy towards them seems to have occurred to anybody, even to men exercising judicial functions. We read that a woman was burnt alive in France for murdering some babies, and the mode of the execution was that she was put in a cage with *fourteen cats* over a fire, so that the animals in their agony should tear her while burning. Another story equally hor-

rible appears, without a word of comment or reprobation, in a familiar letter of just two hundred years ago, in the Hatton correspondence. The writer describes a pageant of the period, performed in London in commemoration of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. "There were," he says, "mighty bonfires, and the burning of a most costly pope, carried by four persons, and the effigies of two 'divells.'" The interior of the "pope" was filled with live cats, who "squalled most hideously as soon as they felt the fire," the people making the joke that it was the language of the pope and the devils!

Such were the amusements of that age to which a great living man of science looks back with sighs of regret, because people were not so "softly nurtured" then as we are now; and Queen Victoria only sends for artists to paint her animals,—unlike her predecessor, James I., who sent for physiologists to cut them up alive.

HOLY BASIL.—Dr. George Birdwood writes thus in the *Academy*: "The most sacred plant in the whole indigenous *materia medica* of India is the *tulsi*, or holy basil (*Ocimum sanctum*), sacred to Krishna, and called after the nymph Tulasi, beloved of Krishna, and turned by him into this graceful and most fragrant plant. She is, indeed, the Hindu Daphne. The plant is also sacred to Vishnu, whose followers wear necklaces and carry rosaries (used for counting the number of recitations of their deity's name), made of its stalks and roots. For its double sanctity it is reared in every Hindu house, where it is daily watered and worshipped by all the members of the household. No doubt also it was on account of its virtues in disinfecting and vivifying malarious air that it first became inseparable from Hindu houses in India as the protecting spirit or lar of the family. In the Deccan villages the fair Brahmince mother may be seen early every morning, after having first ground the corn for the day's bread, and performed her simple toilet, walking with glad steps and waving hands round and round the pot of holy basil planted on the four-horned altar built up before each house, invoking the blessings of Heaven on her husband and his children—praying, that is, for less carbonic acid, and ever more and more oxygen. The scene always carries one back in mind to the life of ancient Greece, which so often is found to still live in India, and is a perfect study at once in religion, in science, and in art."

"SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."—The *Medi-*

cal Examiner has given an amusing illustration of Darwin's theory of "the survival of the fittest" in the expulsion of physicians from various parts of London. Darwin has pointed out not only that the strongest of the same species survive and develop, but that the stronger species has a tendency to destroy or drive away the weaker. At the West End of London the fashionable physicians have been gradually but ignominiously expelled from certain quarters by the not less fashionable tailors. Forty years ago Conduit Street was occupied by Sir Astley Cooper, and a few years later Dr. Elliottson and several other celebrities were to be consulted in that street, but the tailors gradually invaded the regions of Æsculapius, and now there is not a doctor in the street. The profession retired into George Street and Maddox Street, but the knights of the needle and thread have already invaded these streets, and the doctors are rapidly declining. Brook Street has been attacked, but still has an air of professional respectability. Grosvenor Street at present remains inviolate; but that portion of the medical profession which withdrew across Oxford Street to the more inaccessible regions adjoining Cavendish Square has been assailed, and Wimpole Street is now occupied by three hostile forces. Harley Street for the nonce is unpolluted, but we understand that the eminent ex-prime minister, who resides in that street, is "keeping his mind open" as to the possibility of the present occupants being driven "bag and baggage" out of the district. The territorial position of the leading consultants appears to be very precarious.